

Saturday May 16 1998

Abu Dhabi D 8.50	Greenland D 500	Qatar CR 1.00
Amman US\$ 2	Hong Kong HK\$ 25	Poland R 80
Antananarivo M 100	Ireland P 1.20	Portugal E 200
Asmara US\$ 100	Israel I 1.50	Portugal E 200
Bahamas B 100	Japan Y 1.50	Qatar CR 1.00
Bahrain B 100	Korea S 100	Romania R 100
Bangkok B 100	Latvia L 1.00	Romania R 100
Barbados B 100	Lithuania L 1.00	Romania R 100
Belize B 100	Malaysia M 1.00	Romania R 100
Bermuda B 100	Mexico M 1.00	Romania R 100
Bhutan B 100	Moldova M 1.00	Romania R 100
Bombay B 100	Monaco M 1.00	Romania R 100
Brazzaville B 100	Norway N 1.00	Romania R 100
Buenos Aires B 100	Poland P 1.00	Romania R 100
Calcutta B 100	Portugal P 1.00	Romania R 100
Cardiff B 100	Romania R 1.00	Romania R 100
Chennai B 100	Russia R 1.00	Romania R 100
Colombo B 100	Saudi Arabia S 1.00	Romania R 100
Copenhagen B 100	Singapore S 1.00	Romania R 100
Dakar B 100	Slovakia S 1.00	Romania R 100
Damascus B 100	Slovenia S 1.00	Romania R 100
Dar es Salaam B 100	Spain S 1.00	Romania R 100
Delhi B 100	Sweden S 1.00	Romania R 100
Dhaka B 100	Switzerland S 1.00	Romania R 100
Dublin B 100	Taiwan T 1.00	Romania R 100
Durban B 100	Thailand T 1.00	Romania R 100
Edinburgh B 100	Turkey T 1.00	Romania R 100
Geneva B 100	USA US\$ 1.00	Romania R 100
Glasgow B 100		

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Sinatra dies



Frank Sinatra, who died yesterday at the age of 82 after a career spanning six decades and 1,800 records

PHOTOGRAPH: BOB WILLOUGHBY/REDFERNS

Tributes pour in as family feuds over a fortune

John Ezzard and Christopher Reed in Los Angeles

FRANK Sinatra, the incomparable romantic troubadour of the postwar years, the singer who "made our whole era dream," died yesterday at the age of 82 amid worldwide tributes of the rarest affection.

His end came in a Los Angeles hospital after years of heart trouble which had at last subdued his voice and ended his stubbornest comeback ideas. His on-stage career spanned six decades and 1,800 records.

After two heart attacks this year, he was taken ill at his Beverly Hills home late on Wednesday. He is expected to be buried near

his old home at Palm Springs.

Sinatra's death, with his family there to comfort him, leaves them divided into two camps over his financial holdings, estimated to be worth at least £150 million.

Signs of conflict surfaced even in the death statement which listed his fourth wife Barbara's son Robert Marx, a Hollywood lawyer, as a surviving child. This was although Sinatra's daughters Tina and Nancy, and son Frank Jr, blocked the singer's efforts to adopt Marx.

His children control rights to his recordings from 1960-1988, while Barbara and Robert are on the board of the firm that controls most of his recordings, Sheffield Corporation, of which Tina is chief executive.

The two sides were in conflict in 1995 over the concert commemorating Sinatra's 80th birthday, and his daughters did not attend his renewal of his wedding vows with Barbara on their 20th anniversary last year.

These tensions stopped Sinatra gaining his final wish, personally collecting the Gold Medal, the highest civil award in America.

On top of four marriages, his life was dogged by denied but persistent charges of Mafia links.

But the Empire State Building — in the city where two of his hits, New York, New York and Come Fly With Me, were set — turn to page 2, column 3

Larry Elliott and Ian Black

THE escalating crisis from India's nuclear tests and the violent unrest engulfing Indonesia are threatening to overshadow the summit of leaders of the West's most powerful nations in Birmingham this weekend.

The heads of the Group of Eight countries gathered in the Midlands last night amid news of a failed US attempt to defuse Pakistan's anger over the five underground blasts carried out by India earlier this week.

And with the G8 split on the question of sanctions against the nuclear testing of India, the summit was also faced with the mounting death toll from the revolt against the Suharto regime in Indonesia.

With the summit set to discuss the lessons of the Asian financial crash last year, British companies in Jakarta began to airlift staff out of the country. The wave of violence and unrest between students and the government, which left more than 200 dead, prompted BG, BP, HSBC (which owns Midland Bank) and Premier Oil to shut offices and evacuate employees.

Sharp differences between the US and other members of the G8 were set to produce little more than verbal condemnation of India's nuclear tests as the Birmingham summit got under way last night.

The Americans spent the day engaged in frantic diplomacy to persuade Pakistan not to escalate the already tense situation by starting its own tests. However, offers of military jets failed to sway Islamabad, which issued a terse statement last night making it clear that Pakistan would not back down from its hard-line position.

There was further disappointment when President Clinton arrived for the three-day event calling for a "strong and unambiguous" condemnation of New Delhi. But Britain, France and Russia made clear they would not follow the sanctions imposed by Washington after the five underground blasts blew a hole in international non-proliferation efforts and threatened a new arms race in south Asia.

'I nearly choked on my tuna salad when Bill Clinton drew up a chair and sat at a table next to me'

Mavis Stone, 74, in a Birmingham pub yesterday

Tony Blair said: "There is huge universal concern about the nuclear testing of India but I don't want to prejudice what we will say before we've had a proper discussion."

Asked if Britain would back sanctions, the Prime Minister's spokesman elaborated later: "We see a need to combine that kind of approach with the need to keep the temperature lowered."

British sources have indicated they might seek European Union agreement to impose limited military sanctions while urging India to sign up to the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty and non-proliferation treaty. Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, has already recalled Britain's high commissioner from New Delhi for consultations in London.

Catherine Colonna, a spokeswoman for France's president Jacques Chirac, said: "At this stage, the joint deliberations are not going in the direction of generalised sanctions."

Russia, a long-standing ally of India and already at odds with the US and Britain over Iraq, has made clear it opposes sanctions.

Mr Clinton has imposed sweeping punitive economic measures that could cost India \$20 billion in lost loans, aid and credit guarantees. Japan has suspended new yen loans and cut off aid, while Canada has also announced some sanctions.

Mr Clinton said: "I hope we can convince Pakistan not to engage in testing. I'd like everyone to sign on to the test ban and work together to reduce the nuclear threat."

There was more agreement on the explosive situation in Indonesia, if only that outside powers could not themselves act to get President Suharto to step down. Mr Clinton said: "The question you asked is one the Indonesian people have to decide. What we do believe is important is that the present government open a dialogue with all the elements of society and that it lead to genuine political reform."

The twin Asian crises — over the past week — have meant the other big issues set to be discussed at the summit have been pushed down the pecking order. But Mr Blair is still hopeful of securing a commitment to deeper debt relief for the most impoverished developing countries, and of using the summit to put pressure on the US to make good its commitments last year to reduce greenhouse gases.

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Christie's faces lawsuit over £24m Sunflowers



The Sunflowers painting bought by a Japanese firm

John Hooper in Rome and Stuart Miller

CHRISTIE'S last night faced the threat of a multi-million pound lawsuit over its world record sale of Vincent Van Gogh's Sunflowers 11 years ago in the wake of renewed allegations that it is a fake.

As Van Gogh experts gathered at the National Gallery in London to discuss the painting's authenticity, an Italian art magazine said it understood from "reliable sources" that the Japanese insurance firm which bought Sunflowers was considering legal action.

The magazine, Quadri & Sculture, is to publish an article by Antonio de Robertis, one of the world's leading authorities on the Dutch post-impressionist, in which he

claims he has found seven reasons to prove the painting is not genuine.

Last night, Christie's said it had no knowledge of a potential legal action. A spokeswoman said: "Christie's sees no reason on the evidence so far to alter our opinion that the painting we sold was anything other than genuine."

Yasuda Fire and Marine bought Sunflowers in 1987 for a then world record price of £24.75 million. The purchase was criticised by Japan's finance ministry at the time as "an excessive demonstration of wealth."

Mr de Robertis, who attended yesterday's conference, is the second scholar in two weeks to dispute the work's authenticity. He agrees with Benoit Landois, a French student of Van Gogh's work who published his arguments in the latest

edition of Connaissance des Arts, that what Yasuda actually bought was a work by the rather less famous Claude Simile Schuffenecker. Schuffenecker had earlier been identified as the creator of the painting by the British expert Geraldine Norman in a Channel 4 documentary last year.

Mr de Robertis said his seven points included the size and type of canvas, labels on the back which did not correspond to the painting, the lack of a signature, and an absence of satisfactory documentary evidence on two counts. The style of the work also showed it to be forger, he said.

"The whole painting looks foggy and stunned, with an effect contrasting the high-pitched, almost strident chromaticism of Van Gogh," But Yasuda has stuck firmly to its insistence that

the painting is genuine since doubts surfaced last year.

The issue is confused by the fact that Van Gogh painted a number of pictures of sunflowers. The first, painted in 1889, hangs in the National Gallery, while others are in Amsterdam, Paris and New York.

Yesterday's conference was called by the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam, which reiterated its conviction that the Yasuda Sunflowers are genuine. Bogomila Welch, a Canadian professor of art history and Van Gogh expert, agreed.

But doubters believe the tide of opinion is slowly moving in their direction. Ms Norman, who also attended the conference, said: "The pieces of the jigsaw are slowly coming together and the more I hear the more I am convinced it is a fake."

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Come rain or shine, the song was you

How could anyone be so great for so long? **William Kennedy** recalls some very good years

FRANK was at Carnegie Hall singing *Pennies From Heaven* and *Fly Me to the Moon*, and he was in great voice.

When he did *Come Fly With Me*, a woman in a box called out to him: "Frankie, baby, you're the best."

Frank asked her name and she said it was Angie and he said to her: "You ain't so bad yourself, Angie, you know what I mean?"

"I just wanted to warn you that I love you," Angie said.

"Is that a threat or a request?" Frank inquired.

"I'm leaving my husband for you," she said.

"I think we gotta talk that over a little bit," Frank said.

Angie turned to the audience below to tell us: "I'm gonna wash his underwear, too. I don't care."

"I'm getting scared now," Frank said, raising his glass of whisky. "I'll drink to you."

I'd bumped into Billy Rizzo, a friend of Frank's, in a New York saloon a few weeks earlier and we talked about the upcoming Carnegie Hall concert, for which tickets were scarce.

Jilly said he could get me two, and what's more he'd introduce me to Frank backstage, and would I like that?

I said that'd be a little bit of all right, and so there we were (Jilly, my wife, Dana, and me) in Frank's backstage parlour where half a dozen others were bending his ear.

It was intermission between acts. Buddy Rich and his band, the opening act, had just concluded a hot session and Frank was on his way to the stage.

Frank was on his way to the stage, and I tried to imagine what you could possibly say to Frank. You couldn't gush.

You couldn't say you'd been a fan for 48 years.

Jilly broke the ice by telling Frank that I travelled with

tapes, meaning of course, Frank's tapes. So I talked then about my *Pluperfect* Sinatra tapes, which a friend of mine had connected to take the best of Sinatra from

ever forward to right now and tape them, leaving out all songs that do not make you climb the wall.

Frank listened to my *Pluperfect* story without much surprise, for his record producers had been doing this for him all his life. Frank Sinatra's *Greatest Hits* and *Sinatra's Sinatra*, for example.

But I have to say that nobody ever put together seven tapes such as the *Pluperfect*, in which you climb the wall every time out.

So I told Frank how I'd planned to be a drummer in 1942, and when I saw Buddy Rich in a movie playing a saxophone solo called *Not So Quiet Please* I went out and bought the record before I had a phonograph. I would set it on top of my dresser and let my eyes be the needle and I listened to that solo for six months before I came up with enough cash to buy a friend's used phonograph. Frank remembered the solo. It was in a movie called *Ship Ahoy*, with Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton and Tommy Dorsey and guess who else: Frank.

You know that.

I then enhanced the conversation by asking him a historical question: how he decided to record *There's a New Kind of Love*, one of my favourites among his romantic ballads, whose lyrics, in part, go like this:

Your lovely face in my fireplace, was all that I saw
But now it won't draw, cause my flame has a flaw.

From every beautiful ember a memory arose,
Now I try to remember and smoke gets in my nose...

Frank liked the question

and said he'd heard the song on Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music* Hall radio show, a segment called *The Flip Parade*, and he thought it was funny: what's more Bing had never recorded it. So Frank, who felt that the executives at his record company never really listened to his songs, wanted to make that point and he asked Nelson Riddle to open the slot in an upcoming record.

"When they played it," Frank said, "one of the record company guys says to me,

"What is this?" and I said, "It's a love song. There's a flaw in my flame, beautiful. And so it flawlessly became, and Frank made his point doubly, with a leg pull that stands as a comic gem."

THE other significant thing that happened at Carnegie Hall was that I played his tapes. He knew him as an actor before I came along but not really as a



'Frankie, baby, you're the best'... Sinatra on stage, singing to generations of swingin' lovers

singer and here I was closing my brain with him on every trip we took. She would sometimes look at me and say, quietly, "Overdose," and I'd then have to put on the *Kiri Te Kanawa* tape.

But unbeknownst, Frank had been growing on her ever since she'd heard him do *Lonesome Town* better than anybody else had ever done it, and then here he was singing *Mack the Knife* and *Luck Be a Lady* and swinging every body's brain from the highest trapeze and even dancing

(which also got to her, for she'd been both a ballerina, and a gypsy on Broadway), and suddenly there she was on her feet like everybody else when he wound up with *New York, New York*. Dana, a convert, no longer susceptible to overdose.

That is the remarkable thing about Sinatra recordings: you can listen to them not only forever, but also at great length without overdosing, once you have been infected. I say this not only on my own behalf but on behalf of the entire set in which I move, and which I have helped infect to the point that Frank is now a common denominator among this group of seriously disparate ages and types.

In the 1960s, there came in the *Wee Small Hours*, which conditioned your life, especially with a young woman with lush blonde hair who used to put the record on and pray to Frank for a lover. All that perturbed him, and it came undone. That certainly was a good year, but it was ruined for another album, *Swing Easy*, to teach you how to play a record 12 times in one night, which was merely a warm-up for 1963, when you listened to *New York, New York* for the first time seriously and then played it 60 times until Sam, also calling your friends in New York and Aspen and permitting them to stop sleeping and get out of bed and listen also to you.

The true thing about this phenomenon is that you do not have to have Frank on video, or in a movie or TV show. You really don't need those presences. All you need is the music, the man has made of that has been with you all your life.

The finale of all this is that six years later Frank turned up in our home town, Albany, as the opening act for the grand new *Kiri Te Kanawa* arena, with 17,000 seats. Albany turned out for him in any numbers? Word had gone out, as it always does with these myth-making

events, that Frank wasn't well, that Liza Minnelli was standing by to go on if he crumpled. What's more, Ava had just died and so maybe this was not one of those very good years.

And yet here he came, six years older than when I'd last seen him, looking smaller, his 78th year just barely under way. He's wearing his single-breasted tux with an orange pocket handkerchief, and he opens his mouth. "Come fly with me," he sings and the cheer goes up from the 17,000 who have packed the place to hear and see this legendary character.

A lifetime of staying young at centre stage: how can any body be so good for so long? You listen and know that this is not Frank in his best voice but it doesn't matter. It's ever but it doesn't matter. It's his sound, his cadence, his tunes, his style, and it's as good as it can be and that's still very, very good. He mooseys to the improvised bar on stage with the Jack Daniels and the ice bucket and he sits on the stool and says: "I think it's about time to have a drink. I don't drink a lot, but I don't drink a little either." And then he opens his mouth again: "It's quarter to three," and the crowd roars.

And then, finally, he segues into *New York, New York* and the spotlights circle the crowd, which is stomping, and Frank is making love to all here.

He opens his arms, points to everybody. "It's up to you, New York, New York."

Then it's over and the spots cross on him, and the ageing bobby-soxers, having come full circle from 48 years gone, reach up to shake his hand, and he fades down the stairs and out, and you know he is carrying the sound of your youth, the songs of your middle age. And then you think the song is you, pal, the song is you.

© William Kennedy

Tributes pour in as family feuds over a fortune

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will be bathed in blue light in honour of his nickname, 'Ol' Blue Eyes'.

American novelist Gore Vidal said: "Half the population of the US over 40 were conceived while their parents were listening to his records. There wasn't anything quite like him."

Yesterday the French president Jacques Chirac praised Sinatra's talent, his charisma and his voice - which set the rhythm for, accompanied and made our whole era dream."

President Clinton said before the G8 summit in Birmingham: "I think every American would have to smile and say he really did do it his way."

British prime minister Tony Blair said: "I have grown up with Frank Sinatra and he will be deeply missed."

At the Cannes film festival, the director Martin Scorsese said: "There will never be another like him." Singer Elton John said during a US tour that Sinatra "was simply the best. No one else comes close."

From a singer's ancestral village, Lumarzo near Genoa in Italy, mayor Silvio Lerici told Sinatra's family: "Lumarzo shares the pain of the death of one of the greatest of the world of song."

Sinatra was born in Hoboken, then a riverfront district across the Hudson River from New York. His Sicilian-born father was a fireman and his mother, born in Genoa, dabbled in politics.

Though he could not read music, and only took singing lessons in maturity to extend his range, his voice could swing, soar and caress. "Sinatramania" first broke out among US teenagers in 1944 over records including *I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night*.

The first of his 51 British hits was *Young At Heart* in 1954, the last *New York, New York* in 1966.

Hard

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	22-24 Sh	21-23 F
Amsterdam	20-21 S	21-22 F
Athens	20-21 F	21-22 F
Berlin	17-19 S	21-22 F
Bombay	21-22 S	21-22 F
Brussels	21-22 S	21-22 F
Copenhagen	21-22 S	21-22 F
Dublin	21-22 S	21-22 F
Geneva	21-22 S	21-22 F
Helsinki	21-22 S	21-22 F
London	21-22 S	21-22 F
Madrid	21-22 S	21-22 F
Moscow	21-22 S	21-22 F
Nice	21-22 S	21-22 F
Paris	21-22 S	21-22 F
Rome	21-22 S	21-22 F
Stockholm	21-22 S	21-22 F
Turkey	21-22 S	21-22 F
Vienna	21-22 S	21-22 F

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	22-24 Sh	21-23 F
Amsterdam	20-21 S	21-22 F
Athens	20-21 F	21-22 F
Berlin	17-19 S	21-22 F
Bombay	21-22 S	21-22 F
Brussels	21-22 S	21-22 F
Copenhagen	21-22 S	21-22 F
Dublin	21-22 S	21-22 F
Geneva	21-22 S	21-22 F
Helsinki	21-22 S	21-22 F
London	21-22 S	21-22 F
Madrid	21-22 S	21-22 F
Moscow	21-22 S	21-22 F
Nice	21-22 S	21-22 F
Paris	21-22 S	21-22 F
Rome	21-22 S	21-22 F
Stockholm	21-22 S	21-22 F
Turkey	21-22 S	21-22 F
Vienna	21-22 S	21-22 F

European weather outlook

Northern areas and north-west Norway will cloud over with some light rain or drizzle. Elsewhere it will be dry and quite sunny for a while, especially across Denmark and eastern Sweden. Temperatures ranging from 13C in the north to 20C in the south.

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland

Most patches will quickly lift, leaving a fine, sunny day in most areas with plenty of sunshine. There is just the slightest chance of a shower over the Alps. Temperatures will be up to 22C in many areas but only 16C in eastern Germany.

France

Once early mist patches have gone there will be plenty of sunshine, with just the slight chance of a shower developing later over the Alps and the Pyrenees. It won't be too hot, with highs mostly between 23 and 26C.

Spain and Portugal

A dry start in most areas with spells of sunshine throughout the day, the best of them across southern areas. However, scattered showers are likely to break out during the afternoon, especially in the north and east. Thunderstorms are also possible in the east. Highs from 20C near northern coasts through 26C in Madrid to 28C in Seville.

Italy

Sunny across much of the country but clouds are going to build in the south, bringing some hazy showers in between the sunny spells. Temperatures will range between 20C in the south-east and 26C in the north-west.

Greece

Sunny spells and sudden showers, some of them quite heavy with the threat of thunderstorms. Temperatures will mostly lie in the 20 to 24C range.

Television and radio - Saturday

Time	Channel	Programme
8.00	BBC 1	News, 8.15 News, 8.30 News, 8.45 News, 9.00 News, 9.15 News, 9.30 News, 9.45 News, 10.00 News, 10.15 News, 10.30 News, 10.45 News, 11.00 News, 11.15 News, 11.30 News, 11.45 News, 12.00 News, 12.15 News, 12.30 News, 12.45 News, 1.00 News, 1.15 News, 1.30 News, 1.45 News, 2.00 News, 2.15 News, 2.30 News, 2.45 News, 3.00 News, 3.15 News, 3.30 News, 3.45 News, 4.00 News, 4.15 News, 4.30 News, 4.45 News, 5.00 News, 5.15 News, 5.30 News, 5.45 News, 6.00 News, 6.15 News, 6.30 News, 6.45 News, 7.00 News, 7.15 News, 7.30 News, 7.45 News, 8.00 News, 8.15 News, 8.30 News, 8.45 News, 9.00 News, 9.15 News, 9.30 News, 9.45 News, 10.00 News, 10.15 News, 10.30 News, 10.45 News, 11.00 News, 11.15 News, 11.30 News, 11.45 News, 12.00 News, 12.15 News, 12.30 News, 12.45 News, 1.00 News, 1.15 News, 1.30 News, 1.45 News, 2.00 News, 2.15 News, 2.30 News, 2.45 News, 3.00 News, 3.15 News, 3.30 News, 3.45 News, 4.00 News, 4.15 News, 4.30 News, 4.45 News, 5.00 News, 5.15 News, 5.30 News, 5.45 News, 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Irish pig farmer defeated in IRA libel action

John Mullan
Ireland Correspondent

AN IRISH pig farmer was yesterday left with the stigma of being described as a leading IRA terrorist after he failed in his libel action against the Sunday Times over an article written 13 years ago.

The jury took 55 minutes to rule against Tom "Slab" Murphy at the High Court in Dublin after an eight-day trial. Mr Murphy, aged 46, was ordered to pay the newspaper's costs, estimated at £1 million.

It was the second time he had lost a defamation action over the article, headlined *Portrait of a Check-in Terrorist*. It appeared on June 30, 1985.

Mr Murphy appealed against his previous defeat to the Supreme Court. Two years ago, it ordered a retrial on the grounds that much of the evidence was hearsay.

The article alleged that the IRA army council had in February 1985 appointed Mr Murphy as its operations commander in Northern Ireland. It suggested he had authorised the bombing campaign that summer of British seaside resorts.

Mr Murphy, whose farm straddles the border at Hackballcross, Co Louth, was in the court throughout the trial. But he left before the jury delivered its verdict.

Sean O'Callaghan, IRA double murderer turned informer, for the newspaper, said he had met Mr Murphy

three times at meetings of the IRA's revolutionary council and the general headquarters staff. Mr O'Callaghan headed the southern command at the time.

Mr O'Callaghan told the High Court of a conversation at one meeting when Mr Doherty asked Mr Murphy how they were going to win the war. Mr Murphy replied: "Bomb them to the conference table."

According to Mr O'Callaghan, Mr Doherty asked: "But what about the Sinn Féin delegation?" Mr Murphy

'If Tom Murphy decided I should be killed, I would be killed. And that is the power he had at his fingertips'

retorted: "We never tell people where we are putting our booby traps."

He also spoke of a plot to blow up the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Dominion Theatre in central London.

Eamon Collins, aged 44, an ex-IRA intelligence officer and informer, said Mr Murphy told him that he was representing the army council at a botched IRA shooting in Newry in 1983.

Mr Collins said Mr Murphy was the most senior man in

the IRA he had ever met. He said: "If Tom Murphy decided I should be killed, I would be killed. And that's the power he had at his fingertips."

The jury also heard evidence which linked a false passport with his photograph in it found at his home during a Garda raid in 1988 to those used by several IRA terrorists. They were from the same batch of 100 stolen in Dublin and appeared to have been faked by one forger.

Among the IRA men using the fake documents was Gerry Kelly, the Old Bailey bomber who escaped from the Maze in 1983. Mr Murphy told Paul Gallagher, for the Sunday Times, he did not know Mr Kelly, now a Sinn Féin leader, and had never heard of the Maze.

Mr Murphy was stopped in 1984 in his car with Kieran Conway, named by Mr O'Callaghan as the IRA's director of research. He denied knowing Mr Conway or having spoken to him before or since. He said: "I was only after giving the man a lift."

He was arrested in his car in Monaghan the following year with Michael McKevitt and Kevin Martin, described in court by Mr Gallagher as IRA men. Mr Murphy said he had offered to give both men a lift home from a pub but had never met them before and did not know their names.

Supt Michael Staunton told the court that Gardaí in Dundalk and further afield would regard Mr Murphy as a member of the IRA. He personally believed Mr Murphy was a senior member.



The Sunday Times' 'Check-in terrorist': Thomas Murphy in Dublin. PHOTOGRAPH: AARON O'NEILL

Lawrence case police 'acted with suspicion'

Sarah Hall

THE best friend of Stephen Lawrence yesterday described how his life had been shattered after witnessing the stabbing of the black teenager by "racist thugs".

Duwayne Brooks told the public inquiry into Stephen's death that he had thought about his friend each day since the attack. "I am sad and confused about this system where racists attack and go free, but innocent victims like Steve and I are treated like criminals," he said.

Mr Brooks, aged 22, added: "I saw his blood running down the floor. He could not speak. I saw his blood running away."

Shortly before his description, Stephen's father, Neville Lawrence, left the hearing and collapsed in the family room. The proceedings were adjourned while he was examined by a doctor, who said he was "very overcome".

The inquiry, held in south London, heard that, on the night of the attack in April 1993, Mr Brooks and Stephen had been searching for a bus in Eitham, south-east London, when six white youths had approached. The ringleader had called out: "What, what, nigger", and then pulled from his jacket a weapon of steel or wood, the size of a rounders bat. "I saw [him] raise his right arm in the air... I saw him strike a blow towards Stephen. I heard Stephen scream as if in pain [and] fall," Mr Brooks said.

They began running, but Mr Brooks heard Stephen call out: "Duwayne. Look at me. Tell me what's wrong." "I looked back and saw blood on his jacket. I said, 'Just keep running', and he said, 'I can't. I can't'." When Stephen slumped to the ground, Mr Brooks rushed to telephone for an ambulance, and tried to flag down cars.

He said: "I was pacing up and down. I was crying. I was desperate for the ambulance. It was taking too long. I was frightened by the amount of blood Steve was losing. I saw his life fading away."

He said that the police arrived but seemed to be "repulsed" by the blood, and they refused to drive Stephen

to a hospital two minutes away. When he pointed out the road where the attackers had run, PC Linda Bethel "did nothing". "It was like she didn't believe me... she was treating me as if she was suspicious of me, not like she wanted to help," he said.

Mr Brooks, who has been diagnosed as suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder following the murder, said the police officer asked "stupid questions" instead of attending to Stephen, and persisted in believing the gang was known to the boys.

Mr Brooks denied police allegations that Stephen had been "goaded" into "standing his ground". He said: "I never knew Steve to fight. He wasn't street-aware of the dangers of being in a racist area at night. He didn't understand that a group of white boys was dangerous, or that anything would have happened."

The police also showed a lack of support and sensitivity, Mr Brooks alleged. They failed to offer him adequate protection. And the hotel, where he stayed, during the private prosecution brought by the Lawrence family at the Old Bailey in 1996, was in Eitham — the place of the attack, and "the worst area of London they could have chosen".

On another occasion, Mr Brooks said, he was given the protection of a police officer who had arrested him for taking part in an anti-racist demonstration.

The hearing continues on Monday.



Neville Lawrence: 'overcome' at inquiry

Hardline loyalist terrorist group calls ceasefire

John Mullan

THE hardline Loyalist Volunteer Force yesterday announced it was calling an unequivocal ceasefire with immediate effect.

But it said it was urging voters to reject the Good Friday agreement.

The LVF, formed 18 months ago, was behind a dozen se-

ctarian killings since the murder of its leader, Billy Wright, shot dead by the Irish National Liberation Army at the Maze Prison two days after Christmas.

The LVF said it wanted a clear period for people to make up their minds on the deal ahead of Friday's referendum.

There is no indication whether it will return to war

if there is a yes vote. The announcement could be tactical. The LVF might be seeking to benefit from the effective amnesty which will see terrorists convicted of crimes committed before Good Friday released within two years as long as their organisations maintain the ceasefire.

That would make eligible for release the murderers of Damien Trainor and Philip

Allen, shot dead at Poyntzpass in March. The life-long Catholic and Protestant friends were murdered as they dined. Mr Allen's wedding plans in a bar.

Tony Blair failed in his efforts to persuade Jeffrey Donaldson, seen as the weather vane of Ulster Unionism, to back the Good Friday agreement. David Trimble, leader of the Ulster Unionists,

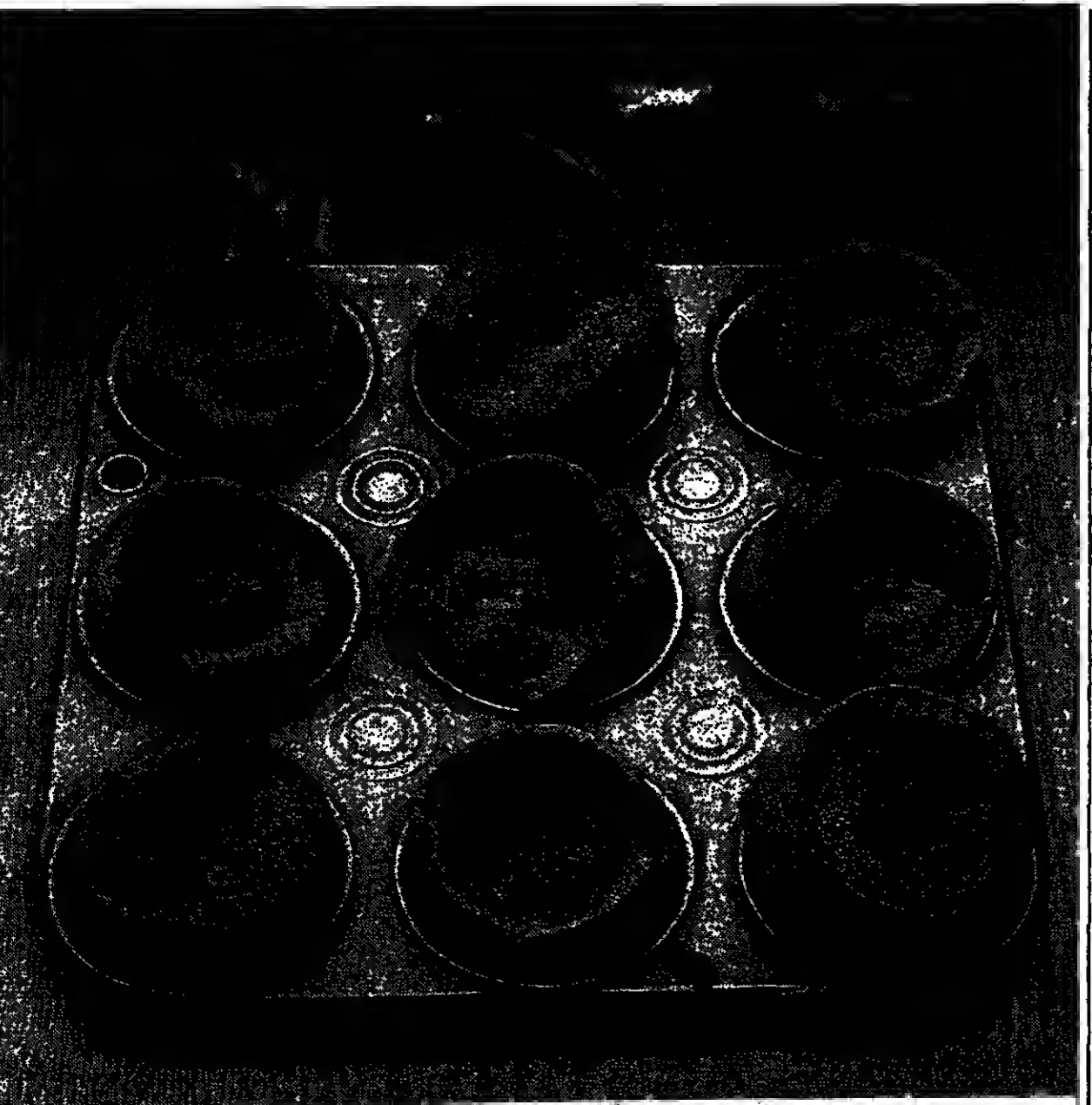
said he was saddened at Mr Donaldson's refusal to switch sides.

Mr Blair had appealed to the soft No group, led by Mr Donaldson, with promises of legislation to ensure Sinn Féin was unable to take up its places in the proposed power-sharing executive.

Six of Mr Trimble's 10 MPs are opposed to the deal, and, according to a poll in yester-

day's Irish Times, support for the agreement in Northern Ireland is slipping. It put the yes vote at 56 per cent, down 17 points from a month ago, with those against at 25 per cent, up nine points. The undecided make up 19 per cent, against 13 per cent.

Disparate voices of village ravaged by killings, page 4; Leader comment, page 5



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Thanks to the debt one industry is now thriving in Zambia

Is there any sight more sad than a child-sized coffin? In just one four week period since March, in a single cemetery in Zambia, some 200 young children have been committed to tiny graves.

The effects of war? Corruption? A natural disaster? No. The cause is a man-made disaster: debt. The repayments bring already poor

countries to the brink, robbing families of food and medicine. The United Nations has estimated that 21 million children will die in Africa alone before the end of the century unless action is taken.

At Christian Aid we're taking that action, with a campaign to end the debt crisis by 2000. We'll be there at the G8 summit, lobbying for

change as part of Jubilee 2000. We need you to help us, starting right now by taking at least one simple action - add your name, wear your chain or join the human chain in Birmingham. If you need any further impetus, look again at that child-sized coffin. And imagine how it feels to be the mother of the child.

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THE ULSTER REFERENDUM

Tommy McKearney, whose three brothers died in the Troubles, and who has himself served time for murder, fears a 'bad peace' which might mean war erupting again five years down the line

PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN BOYES



Joel Patton, an Orangeman who sees the peace deal as a sell-out of Ulster and his heritage

PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN BOYES



The Nationalist refusenik

TOMMY McKearney, 45, is married with no children, and works with released prisoners. Three of his brothers have been killed in the Troubles. He plans to vote no.

"I look at the deal in terms of whether it is a reasonable settlement, rather than whether everything that has happened has been worth it. I judge it in terms of whether it can work and whether it can prevent trouble in the future.

"There is such a bitter residue left. The sores are still open. My generation has grown too exhausted to continue a physical fight. But among the younger people there is an anger that is very real. It is noticeable at times like Drumcree.

"Against that background, the settlement is a

bridge too short. When the window of opportunity was there, we should have made more progress on ending the Union with Britain. I am not necessarily talking about a united Ireland, but there was no attempt to look at imaginative solutions, like a confederated or federated Ireland. There were tantalising prospects which would have given us a final solution.

"We have left that element to sour what is happening now. There is an acceptably high risk that it could flare up again in a few years time. The British might not be making the same mistakes as they did, but unexpected events can always arise.

"What will happen this year at Drumcree? A bad peace can be very, very risky, and, with regret, I am unequivocally saying no."

The Loyalist refusenik

JOEL Patton, aged 48, is married with four children. He is leader of the hardline Spirit of Drumcree Group and plans to vote no.

"My family has lived in the area for 300 years. It was 75 per cent Protestant when I was growing up.

"I had Catholic friends. I used to play full-back for Dungannon Swifts, and it was mixed in a spontaneous way. Nothing was forced.

"Moy has changed through the Troubles. Violence undermined the confidence of the Protestant community. Many of the younger people left.

"The shooting of George Elliott, the then deputy district master, had a big effect. He was a father figure to me. We were shocked, but I was determined that what he stood for would not be lost. But there was a tremendous loss of confidence

in the Protestant community.

"People say I am a hard-liner. I don't really think I am. I just think that we are being sold out, and I have to stand up for what I believe in. There just isn't an option for me.

"From page to page, this agreement is a green document. It follows an IRA agenda. The only basis to it is to keep the IRA on board and keep violence from the streets of London. That makes me very angry. It is so cynical. There is nothing in it at all for me as a Unionist or as a British citizen.

"I would claim to represent the majority of Unionist opinion. The majority of republicans see it as a transition to a united Ireland, and I agree with them. It is the deal will submerge my identity. I am fighting for my survival."

The Sinn Fein negotiator

FRANCIE Molloy, 47, a father of four, was a key member of Sinn Fein's negotiating team at Stormont. He plans to vote yes.

"I still live in a Protestant area. I've had the odd stone thrown at the house, but that's about it.

"When I was working as a self-employed welder, I did a lot of work for farmers, mostly Protestants. I was involved in the hunger-strike campaign, and they would understand when I said I couldn't come in the following day because I had to go to a funeral. I'd just come in the day after and take up where I left off.

"There were two distinct terror campaigns in Moy, one in the seventies and the other in the late eighties-early nineties. It was real terrorism. They picked on the elderly and defenceless to ram the message home.

"Charles Fox was at my house until 1am the night before he was shot. We had been talking about my personal security. The day after his funeral, Billy Wright came in and had his lunch in the same place as the family had had the meal.

"This is still a very tense village. I don't believe attitudes have changed too much.

"We don't see this agreement as a settlement. We see it as a springboard. It is not the goal. It is the mechanism to a goal.

"The next two years will see whether accommodation can be found or not. We will go into the assembly, not just with a view to increasing the powers and scope of the cross-border bodies, but also to deliver for our people in the north of Ireland. We have to."

The Unionist shopkeeper

RALPH Brown, 61, father of four, owns a shop in Dungannon and a guesthouse in Moy. He plans to vote yes.

"My father opened this shop in 1946. We've seen quite a bit of the Troubles. We seemed to be getting blown up every few weeks in the mid-seventies.

"I think we were badly affected by 34 or 35.

"We had to rebuild the shop from the ground up 11 times.

"One of my worst experiences in Moy would have been in 1972. The Dobson brothers were shot dead in the offices of their business. The IRA walked in and killed them at their desks. Robert would have been at my wedding. He was a close friend. It does stun you.

"From the outside, Moy probably looked like a very frightening place. But in practice, that couldn't have been further from the truth.

"The friendships between locals across the religious divide continued throughout. No one ever suggested locals were behind any of the killings in the village. They were by people from the outside. Community relations have always been in reasonable shape.

"You look at the deal, and you can pick holes in parts of it. But Tony Blair has impressed me. I trust him and his Government to ensure that the necessary safeguards will be in place. The main point is that it will move things on."

Disparate voices of a village ravaged by killings

As Ireland prepares for Friday's referendum, John Mullin reports from a community where opinion remains divided

SEAN McKearney, only 18, was the first brother to die, identified only through his fingerprints. He blew himself up trying to bomb a filling station, a terrorist own goal.

Padraig was next, a more seasoned member of the IRA. He was cut down with seven fellow members of the East Tyrone Brigade as they attempted to destroy an unmanned RUC police station in Loughgall. The SAS was lying in wait. It shot and it killed, nine times over. An innocent bystander also died.

Then came Kevin. He was working in the family's butcher's shop in the village in which they have always lived when loyalist gunmen burst in. His uncle John, alongside him, took three more months to die from his wounds, succumbing on his 69th birthday.

Tommy McKearney, now 45, the eldest of the four boys, is the only surviving son. He spent 16 years in prison for the murder in 1977 of an off-duty Ulster Defence Regiment member, a postman lured to an isolated farmhouse by a letter the IRA itself sent.

He now works with released prisoners, paramilitaries and so-called ordinary decent criminals, across the border. He is recently married.

He wants a permanent end to violence. He would like to back the Good Friday agreement, but is unable to do so. His response is considered, rather than an emotional kneejerk. He thinks a bad peace is dangerous, and fears the deal's adoption might mean war erupting again five years down the line. He will be voting no.

So, too, will Joel Patton, aged 48, a father of four, who runs a garden centre. They say polars attract, and the two men could hardly be further apart. Patton, from plantation stock, sees the deal as republican, a sell-out of Ulster and his heritage.

He is an Orangeman, and is seen as one of the most uncompromising among the 30,000 in Northern Ireland. He admits to have been in the Republic of Ireland only twice, each time to catch the ferry at Rosslare.

Francie Molloy and Ralph Brown also each have four children. They will both be voting yes, but there the similarities end.

Molloy, 47, is a Sinn Fein representative on Dungannon council and played a key role in the negotiations at Stormont which led to the deal. He believes it can lead to a united Ireland.

Brown, 61, who runs a guesthouse and an electrical store, is supporting it for exactly the opposite reason. He thinks it will copper-fasten the Union with Britain.

There is, though, one matter which links these disparate voices: where they live. Moy in County Tyrone is, at first sight, a lovely place. The road notices proclaim its successes as Northern Ireland's best kept large village in 1992 and 1993.

Lord Charlemont, the English landowner, built it in 1784, and so local rumour has it, he based it on Bosco Marengo in Lombardy, northern Italy. Its centre is the Diamond, and around it are fine Georgian buildings.

One houses McKearney's, the butcher shop. Here it was that Kevin McKearney, 32, a father of four, was gunned down just after New Year, the first victim of the Troubles in 1992. He is buried with his two brothers in the village cemetery. Unlike them, he was not a member of the IRA.

His murder was in retaliation for the killing just up the street of Edinburgh University student Robin Farmer, 19. He was helping his dad in his sports shop. He died as tried to save his father, a former RUC reservist.

Moy is no Greysteel, Loughinisland, or Teebane, similarly small communities which each became infamous through one savage act of terrorism. But it is awash with the memories of death.

It is at the heart of the murder triangle in Mid-Ulster, the fearsome sectarian battleground of hardline loyalists and dedicated IRA terrorists. The Moy, as locals call it, was, for a time, one of the most dangerous places in Northern Ireland.

No one is sure exactly how many local folk died. But at least 22 residents have been killed in the village, others, further afield. Some put the figure close to 40.

A detective explained: "The Moy is on the Blackwater, where east Tyrone meets County Armagh. The IRA has worked closely together there, and the loyalists, based 10 miles away in Portadown, brought the battle to them. Moy was caught in the middle.

"There are several routes in an out, and lots of backroads. It was an easy place to target."

Some loyalists claim the nationalist community wanted to kick Protestants out of the village. Years ago, it was predominantly Unionist. Now it is overwhelmingly Catholic.

Billy Wright, who led the Ulster Volunteer Force in Mid-Ulster, was responsible for the fearsome loyalist fight-back in the late 1980s and early 1990s. He later founded the hardline Loyalist Volunteer Force and was murdered in the Maze Prison.

As mysteriously as it had begun, the killing in Moy stopped. Relations between Catholic and Protestant, most locals say, are no longer under such strain.

There is a sense of real excitement as the referendum approaches. Martin O'Brien, a barrister involved in community projects, said: "People who have not bothered to vote for years are saying they want to be first in the queue. I think it is safe to infer from that they will be voting yes."

Leader comment, page 8

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The Guardian

Crisis in Indonesia

A soldier stands guard in front of the Yogya department store in the Indonesian capital Jakarta yesterday, after at least 175 people were killed in the rioting that followed student protests — many in fires set by looters in shops and malls.

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE SANFORD



Charred corpses reveal price of rioting

Nick Cunningham-Bruce in Jakarta

C HARRED lumps of human torso, melted features, swollen limbs gesturing stiffly in death — the hellish display strewn over the floor at a Jakarta University teaching hospital yesterday hideously exposed the human price Indonesia has paid for days of uncontrolled rioting.

As the capital slipped into an uneasy lull after the mob looting and political protests, a key faction of President Suharto's political party Golkar turned against him. Kosgoro issued a statement demanding that Mr Suharto return the presidential mandate.

The president held a frantic series of meetings yesterday, cutting the big price increases on gasoline and other essential fuels that helped trigger the riots.

Meanwhile, soldiers forced several dozen looters to walk through the streets in their underwear, and then paraded them on military trucks with stolen goods in their mouths. Forlorn looters were brought before journalists with stolen microphones, a loudspeaker rim and a CD in their mouths. "I will not steal. I will not steal," one looter was ordered to repeat.

At the hospital a small crowd collected to search for missing relatives, shirt-sleeves and cloths pressed against their faces to ward off the stench of human decay. Ambulances collected 175 people, Agus Purwadanto, a hospital doctor reported. But even as he spoke orderlies arrived with a stretcher bearing another disfigured corpse.

Near the door, on a rattan mat, lay the smoke-blackened body of a middle-aged woman and the corpse of a man, purple identification labels tied to their toes. Beyond lay the charred body of a child, surrounded by black plastic bundles holding remains burnt beyond recognition.

Most were the victims of fires ignited by looting mobs — more than 100 people died in one five-storey shopping mall alone. But three people had died from stab wounds, a doctor revealed, and three from bullets.

Roy Effendi, aged 55, a parking attendant, identified one corpse as his 21-year-old son Teddy Kennedy, so named out of admiration for the former US president. Red-eyed from weeping, he said his son was killed by a police or military bullet in the back of the head after joining a demonstration. He wanted justice, to know who did this, he said, remarking simply: "I don't understand much about politics."

Occasional gunfire still crackled in northern Jakarta yesterday, as troops blocking a big thoroughfare fired into the air to scare off a gathering crowd and soldiers on motorcycles helped to push it back.

But crowds on the street were in little mood to challenge the strong military force that took the city overnight.

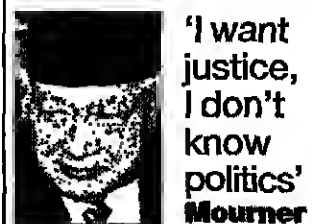
Light tanks and armoured personnel carriers were deployed at key intersections and along key roads, all the more conspicuous for the sparse traffic in a city brought to a standstill as nervous residents mostly kept behind barred doors. Virtually all shops remained shuttered.

A few hotels enjoyed a boom as many ethnic Chinese, targets of mob fury, abandoned their homes. One insurance executive, Mr Sathya, abandoned a pre-dawn attempt to reach the airport, and a flight to Los Angeles, when he saw people stopping and robbing vehicles.

But by midday traffic was moving, the airport, and an exodus of expatriates and ethnic Chinese was under way.

Many ethnic Chinese had no such option. Watching smoke pour from the ransacked and burnt ruin of the arcade in north Jakarta where he had an electronic store, Mr Iwan, aged 26, was thinking of fleeing to his family home in Sumatra.

"In the countryside wa [eth-



'I want justice, I don't know politics' Mourner

nic Chinese] all know each other and they [Indonesians] know us, and maybe they don't hurt us," he said. He hoped for political reform, but did not see much advantage in President Suharto leaving power. "It's the emperor," he shrugged.

But at Jakarta's al-Azhar mosque, several thousand Muslims at Friday prayers left little doubt of their passion for change. After a fiery sermon calling on the people to "rise up and overthrow the tyrant," Amien Rais drew a roar of "Allah o-akbar" (God is great) when he predicted Mr Suharto's demise. He said he was ready to meet Mr Suharto unconditionally, but "We made it very clear he should step down in the interests of the nation."

Student demands were read out at the mosque calling on parliament to ask the president to step down and convene a special session to choose a replacement. But student leaders appeared sobered by the looting and destruction. "If the demands of the students are not met, the demonstrations will continue," a student leader said. But he added: "Ask people to stop rioting and ask the Indonesian government to co-operate with the people and transfer power."

Countdown begins to Suharto exit

As party cronies turn against him, the president's fate rests with the divided military, writes Andrew Higgins in Jakarta

IT WAS a feeble challenge: a rambling 25-page pamphlet comparing President Suharto to the 10-faced king of a shadow puppet epic. But only a week ago the former army quartermaster who has governed Indonesia for 32 years still worried about trivial *like-majesty*. The booklet was banned.

Yesterday, back in Jakarta after an abbreviated trip to Egypt and a whirlwind of chaos in his capital, Mr Suharto held emergency talks with his military chiefs. Figue at a 78-year-old soldier had given way to the agony of an anarchic revolt.

His presidential palace protected by tanks and armoured cars, the welfare ministry of his daughter gutted by fire, the home of a crony tycoon reduced to a charred ruin, the world's longest-serving ruler after Fidel Castro now grasped the economy have dried up. The political landscape is even more barren, pruned of all opposition and bereft of any organised alternative, other than the military.

Unlike Iran in the last days of the Shah, there is no one with the charisma of Ayatollah Khomeini. He was not Sukarno, one of two principal opposition figures, has some of the prestige that helped Corazon Aquino to oust Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines. Just as Mrs Aquino took over the mantle of her assassinated husband, Mrs Megawati inherited the following of her ousted father, Indonesia's first president, Sukarno. But she has little flare for politics.

Romania may be a better parallel. When a bloody uprising toppled Nicolae Ceausescu his power fell to a junta dominated by former loyalists in the secret police and armed forces.

All that can thrive in the sterile terrain created by Mr Suharto is the mayhem that began last week in Medan, north Sumatra, and spread to Jakarta after security forces shot dead six students on Tuesday at the capital's Trisakti University.

"The people here never had any lessons in politics. To protest for them is to burn," said Hariman Siregar, a doctor who helped lead a doomed student revolt in 1974 and spent three years in jail. "This is what we call development without change. So long as the economy was going up we were fine. But what is left of Asian values now? Looting and burning."

When mob-rule took hold of Jakarta on Thursday, Dr Hariman was meeting with other veteran activists at the University of Indonesia's medical faculty, the focal point of both his own failed campaign and the 1966 student-led uprising that brought Mr Suharto to power. Yesterday its morgue contained the corpses of about 175 people incinerated in the battle to remove him.

They argued over how long it would take for Mr Suharto to step down. But no one doubted he would go. "The crucial point now is not whether he steps down but when," said Gultard Wiknassastro, an obstetrician.

The timing rests with the generals. "Everything now depends on one factor: the military," said Kwik Kian Gie, an adviser to Mrs Megawati. But the military is split into feuding fiefdoms.

The troops patrolling ravaged streets have clearly de-

clared their allegiance. They wear the green berets of the strategic reserve command, commanded by President Suharto's son-in-law, Prabowo Subianto. Marines who shook hands with protesters on Thursday have vanished.

There is speculation of a split between Gen Prabowo, a veteran of East Timor with a reputation for brutality, and General Wiranto, the more popular commander of the armed forces. Gen Wiranto has described the reform demands of protesting students as "normal" and "moral". He also offered a formal apology for the killing of six students at Trisakti.

Before leaving Cairo, President Suharto mumbled enigmatically: "If I am no longer trusted, I will become a sage." Such a role, he said, would allow him "to get closer to Allah". Yesterday in Jakarta, though, his main concern was staying close to power.

A politician of legendary cunning, he revoked fuel price increases mandated by the International Monetary Fund. The move suggests a dual purpose: to shift the blame for economic hardship

to the IMF and rupture a bail-out accord which, if ever fully implemented, would tear out the corrupt core of his regime. Having already reneged on two earlier IMF deals, he is playing a dangerous game of chicken.

For the people, however, the issue is no longer the price of petrol or kerosene cooking fuel. It is Mr Suharto himself and the crony capitalism they see as widening the gulf between rich and poor.

At yesterday's Friday prayers in a Jakarta mosque Amien Rais, the leader of the country's second-biggest Muslim organisation, declared: "This regime is facing its death, its end. There is no way to postpone or avoid it."

Yesterday a key faction within Golkar, the president's ruling party which is based on economic patronage rather than political belief, joined the chorus demanding that Mr Suharto step down.

For him to listen, however, the military must tell him what he told President Sukarno in 1966: "I have always respected you as I have my parents... I'd like to regard you highly but, unfortunately, you do not wish this." Translated from oblique Javanese political discourse, the



A suspected looter (above) crouches in the back of a military van yesterday after being beaten by soldiers at a burnt-out shopping mall in Jakarta, and a policeman (left) hits a looter with the butt of his rifle in the city centre

message was blunt. Sukarno stepped aside and Mr Suharto declared the New Order he is now fighting to preserve.

The military cannot govern by force alone. In a country of 200 million people, it has relatively few men in uniform. Police and troops combined number fewer than 500,000.

"They can kill but they cannot rule," said Goenawan Mohamad, the former editor of *Tempo*, an influential magazine shut down by the government in 1994. Like every other

The exodus

■ An estimated 6,500 British nationals in Indonesia were yesterday urged by the Foreign Office to stay indoors but consider leaving the country if they live in areas of possible further unrest (which do not include Bali). British Airways is operating a special flight due to leave Jakarta late tonight.

■ The US embassy advised Americans in Jakarta and Surabaya, Indonesia's second city, to leave as soon as possible. They were told to gather at prearranged places in Jakarta early today, bringing no more than one bag each to be ferried to the airport.

■ Australia advised its 20,000 citizens in Indonesia to leave.

■ Japan said it was drawing up contingency plans to send military aircraft to Indonesia to evacuate its citizens.

■ China said its embassy in Indonesia was ready to help its nationals and people from Hong Kong and Taiwan.

■ France on Friday advised its citizens to leave the country if possible. French, Swedish and British companies were among those to suspend their Indonesian operations and help employees to leave.

■ The British-based international banking group HSBC Holdings plc said it had closed its offices in Indonesia and did not expect to reopen them until Monday at the earliest.

■ British Aerospace and British Petroleum also shut their offices in Jakarta, but neither had plans to move expatriate staff out.

■ Luxury hotels around the city centre were filled by expatriates and wealthy Indonesians who said they did not feel safe at home.

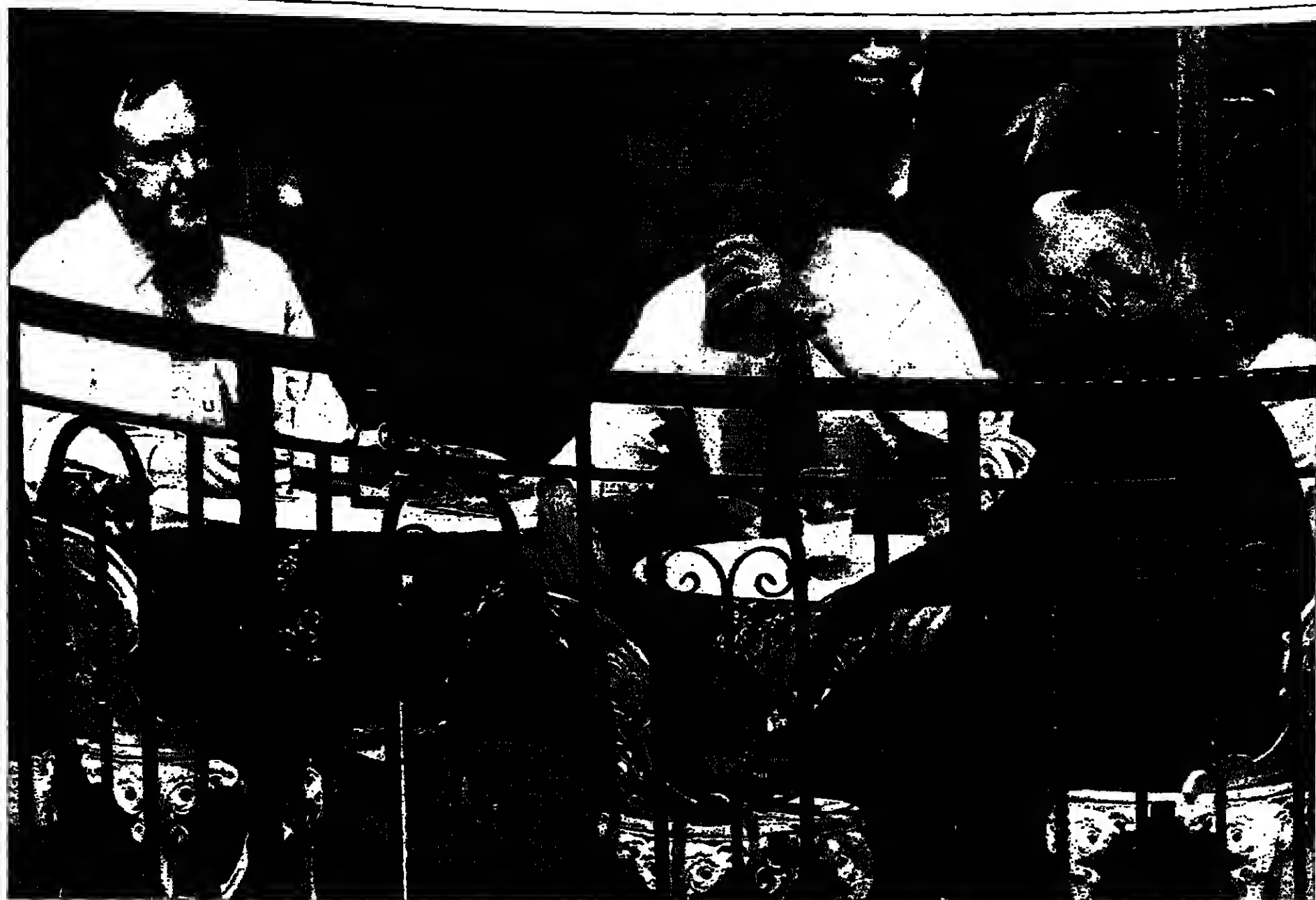
■ At the airport, flights out of the country were full and no rooms were available at airport hotels. Witnesses said most flights were being filled by ethnic Chinese.

■ Staff of the International Monetary Fund left before dawn on a chartered airplane.

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John Mullin

arts



THE last time he was in Britain, he dined on the very best the nation could offer: roast wild salmon with sauce vierge washed down with champagne at Sir Terence Conran's waterside Le Pont de la

Tour restaurant, writes Sarah Hall. But, this year, the President of the United States opted for something far less pretensions. Wandering into the Malt House pub in Birmingham, where he is

attending the G8 summit, Bill Clinton plumped for chips, tomato ketchup — and a pint of bitter. The fast-food lover did try to be a little healthier, with a mixed salad of lettuce, cucumber, peppers, tomatoes,

and — somewhat incongruously — cabbage. But with a portion of garlic bread, he also upped his cholesterol levels. As he dipped his chips into the ketchup and sipped his £1.50 pint of Greenalls

in the sunshine on the pub's open-air balcony, customers tried to pretend drinking with the president — and his entourage of security guards — was an everyday occurrence. But it wasn't easy. "I

nearly choked on my tuna salad when he drew up a chair and sat at a table next to me," said Mavis Stone, aged 74. "My husband Ron was pawing so much his chilli con carne went cold."

PHOTOGRAPH BY Kieran Doherty

Thatcher fixer breaks free from jargon with rallying call to radicals

John Vidal finds an optimistic mood at the alternative 'people's summit' in Birmingham

SIR Crispin Tickell, the mandarin who convinced Margaret Thatcher that the environment was not just furry animals, looked at the pony-tails, T-shirts and frocks gathered for the People's Summit and beamed.

"The people down the road" are propelled by vested interests. They are looking at the wrong crisis. We have more influence than them in the long-term. Things are changing," he said.

The audience of radicals beamed back. Sir Crispin, after all, knows all about summits, having arranged four for Mrs T. Now he was a star turn for the P8, the parallel people's summit in Birmingham, and speaking for the people that heads of state tend to dismiss as lefties, trouble-makers and worse.

Today 60,000 people led by the churches, unions and charities will form a six-mile human chain to demand an end to international debt. Yesterday it was all conferences, seminars and workshops in an eerily silent city centre closed off to traffic to allow the people's rulers to pass in splendid isolation.

In the Grand Hotel the new revolutionary troops were discussing food systems, technology, power, debts and the dilemmas of modernity. Ed Mayo, head of the New Economics Foundation, sang about Brussels sprouts to make a point about over-consumption. "Did you know," added a professor of food, "that 1,000 supermarkets now sell half Britain's food? That's not sustainable."

Elsewhere earnest young men and women were talking ethical investments, credit for the poor, social change and "synergy for a world that works".

The man from Midlands Electricity had been in "fruitful talks" with Asian businessmen and to the Library Theatre there were heated discussions about crime, the

arms trade, corruption and human rights. Globalisation. Mobilisation. Civilisation. Polarisation. It was all too much for Sue, from Birmingham, who had come to hear about international debt but had drifted into a seminar on building a social Europe. "It's not quite what I expected," she said. "There's an awful lot of jargon in world concern. Isn't there?"

But there is wild optimism too. "We are winning, winning, winning," said Aubrey Meyer, a former violinist who has almost single-handedly persuaded the world to find a just solution to climate change emissions. "Gummer and Meacher are united," he says. "It only happened because we believed it was possible."

Charles Secrett, director of Friends of the Earth, is more scathing. "We don't need the G8 leaders' meaningless messages of pious intent. They're working in a self-important vacuum, divorced from people. We have real answers but they don't want to listen."

He offers a new report which exposes the World Bank as a major promoter of climate change. Opposite the conference centre where the G8 leaders are to meet, BP is showing off its commitment to solar energy with a slick exhibition that has impressed Tony Benn, the man who as energy secretary in another lifetime was partly responsible for Britain's nuclear power programme.

It's a far cry from Sherborn Street where Helen, a traveller, is trying to put up a second-hand solar panel to power a small fountain. The wasteland has been turned into the People Power Site, a village of tents and geodesic domes, to show what can be done on a shoestring. Government officials had been considering taking Tony Blair to see it. Yesterday No 10 regretted there would be no time.

Asia crises cast new cloud

Ian Black and Larry Elliott on list of problems at 'low-key' summit dogged by India and Indonesia

IT HAD been billed as a return to the low-key summits of the 1970s, but the gathering of the most economically powerful nations was instead faced last night with a range of economic, military and diplomatic problems.

The G8's set-piece achieve-

ment will be a new package of debt relief for the poorest nations, with special assistance for those countries trying to recover from bloody and crippling expensive conflicts.

However, the need to find a common response to India's underground nuclear tests

and to the violent unrest in Indonesia, the fifth most populous nation, merely added to the list of problems facing the summit.

Last night's formal dinner was dominated by this week's events in the two Asian countries, with the planned menu of talks on the Middle East peace process, Kosovo and the need to reshape global financial institutions in the wake of the Asian financial crisis shunted to one side.

Leaders of the G7 — comprising the United States, Canada, Japan, Britain,

France, Germany and Italy — had a session yesterday afternoon to discuss reform of the International Monetary Fund, before they were joined by President Boris Yeltsin of Russia to form the first G8 summit.

Mr Yeltsin was looking vigorous and cheerful as he arrived in Birmingham to be welcomed by Mr Blair and the other leaders. After being excluded from G7 financial discussions in Munich in 1992, he eventually won an enhanced status for Russia at Denver last year and now full status at Birmingham — largely a reward for acquiescing in the eastward expansion of Nato last year.

Mr Blair called for a concerted effort to change the format of the event after being shocked by the mind-boggling detail and scope of what he encountered at Denver a few weeks after his election victory.

G8 foreign and finance ministers met separately in London last weekend, leaving their prime ministers and heads of state to return to the fireside chat informality long lost in endless communiqués and declarations, heavy security and stiff photo opportunities.

The Prime Minister wants to focus on a debt reduction programme to "give Africa a future" and on the proper long-term response to the Asian crisis. US diplomats believe there will be freer and more imaginative discussion which they hope will encourage new thinking.

Within their own borders, the G8 will focus on ways of bringing down unemployment in Europe and tackling social exclusion in the US and Britain, with the emphasis on implementing a new programme for "employability" outlined by G8 finance and employment ministers in February.

David Blunkett, Education and Employment Secretary,

said yesterday: "This is the first time the leaders of the most powerful economies have agreed on specific action to boost jobs and employability." These were now at the top of the international agenda.

The eight leaders will today also discuss international crime and drugs, in line with Mr Blair's wish to focus on the dark side of globalisation and on international issues that make sense to ordinary people.

He also held bilateral talks yesterday with the Japanese

prime minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, who is under pressure to do more to shore up his country's ailing economy. Attempts were also made to ensure a successful visit by Emperor Akihito this month, in the face of a protest threat from former British prisoners of war.

Today the leaders will have a day's retreat at the Weston Park country house hotel for an informal discussion. The G8 final communiqué, to be issued tomorrow, will run to only a quarter of last year's 60 pages.



The new summit member, Boris Yeltsin, arriving in Birmingham

STUART CONWAY



Join more than 1000 people who have signed up online to Jubilee 2000's petition at <http://reports.guardian.co.uk/debt/petition.html>. The website also gives details on how to join the human chain at today's G8 summit, and how to donate. You'll also find a full archive of the Guardian's coverage and regular updates on the campaign until the millennium.

Short and Cook in departmental wrangle over bid for increase in overseas aid

Ewen MacAskill and David Hencke

CABINET ministers Clare Short and Robin Cook are locked in a turf war over a £500 million bid for an increase in Britain's annual aid budget.

Ms Short, whose International Development departmental spending has been frozen along with the rest of Whitehall, has asked the Treasury to increase its £2.2 billion budget by £350 million in 1999-2000, £100 million the following year and £50 million the year after.

Relations between the Foreign Office and Ms Short's department, the DfID, have been prickly over the last 12 months, with spectacular bust-ups over the handling of the Montserrat volcano disaster and a tug-of-war over Britain's overseas aid budget.

But Ms Short is hopeful of getting all or most of the

£500 million, given that Chancellor Gordon Brown has given promises to tackle Third World poverty, and Tony Blair has made debt relief a key item on the G8 summit agenda.

A final decision from the Treasury and the Cabinet committee that adjudicates in disputes is expected in July. Ms Short's bid has been muddled by a Foreign Office counter-bid that encroaches on her territory, according to a DfID source.

"The Foreign Office has opposed her submission for an increase and put in its own submission, saying that with DfID concentrating on poverty, the Foreign Office has to cover human rights, know-how funds and things like that," the source said.

The Foreign Office, playing down the row, was adamant Mr Cook "was interested in maximising the overseas aid budget."

Without the extra cash to fund its "ethical" foreign policy aims, the Foreign Office will have to find the money from its own budget.

Labour has a manifesto commitment to increase Britain's share of aid to the Third World. But this will be undermined within the next fortnight when new figures will show that British aid fell to a new low since Labour came into power.

Britain is signed up to meeting a UN target of giving 0.7 per cent of national income in aid. Britain's last contribution under the Tories was only 0.57 per cent but this has dropped under Labour to 0.26 per cent.

A DfID spokesman blamed the fall on spending totals inherited from the Conservatives.

The important point, the spokesman said, was that the Government will reverse that decline.

Unofficially the aim for the remainder of the Parliament is modest: 0.29 per cent by 2001.

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The Guardian Saturday May 16 1998

Fresh scars for Sierra Leone

Gary Younge in Abidjan discovers what arms really mean in the bloodletting between rebels and government

AT THE Connaught Hospital in the centre of Freetown, as in Westminster, the talk is of arms and the brutal nature of politics in Sierra Leone. But Freetown's concern is not focused on the tons of military hardware sent in February by a British-based firm for use in ousting the military junta then in power in the West African country.

Nor does anyone care whether this broke a United Nations embargo on arms shipments to Sierra Leone, whose elected president the junta had overthrown last year.

People are more worried about the arms severed from civilians managing to flee the east of the country, where fighting goes on between supporters of the junta — ousted in February this year — and forces backing the restored president and government.

The two arms which were chopped from one man who wandered from village to village until he could find someone to drive him to the capital and the Connaught Hospital: the arm of the 60-year-old woman which was amputated by the rebels, the father whose arms were chopped off because they refused to rape their daughters.

In many respects these are the lucky ones, alive and for the time being, safe. From the fighting areas they carry stories of summary executions, of women and children being rounded up, locked in houses and then burned alive. Many others are thought to be hiding in the forests.

This steady stream of human misery has been trickling to Freetown from the east over the past few weeks. There are now around 200 amputees at the Connaught Hospital, deprived of hands, ears and feet by the malevolent machetes of retreating rebels.

"It is feared that these wounded are just the visible part of the iceberg and that the number of wounded deeper in the country could be much higher," says the co-ordinator of Médecins sans Frontières, Monique Nagelkerke.

They are the human evidence that whatever else the British-based mercenary group, Sandline International, may have brought to the country three months ago it was not peace. While the democratically elected government of President Ahmed Tejan Kabbah has been put back in office, a vicious war

goes on between Nigerian-led forces, which support the government, and soldiers from the junta ousted three months ago, continues.

It is the Nigerian-led forces of the West African force Ecomog which have the upper hand, pushing the rebels from their strongholds. But guerrilla-style hit-and-run attacks from the rebels are prolonging the conflict indefinitely. And as they retreat they are leaving a legacy of terror.

Away from Westminster's

Fleeing the area where fighting goes on, people carry stories of summary executions, of women and children being rounded up, locked in houses and then burned

early day motions and parliamentary committees, this is the bloody reality. With three coups in the past six years, Sierra Leone has been a playground for boys with guns. A nation that started its independent life 37 years ago in reasonably good shape is now one of the poorest in Africa.

Study any geological survey covering what were the best defended rebel strongholds, and the motivation for much of this carnage becomes clear. In the east are some of the finest diamonds in the world, along with gold, titanium and bauxite. Local people say that in some areas you can scoop up diamonds with your hands.

These minerals need foreign capital if they are to be fully exploited. And while the diamond trade is not sentimental about democracy, it needs political stability. So when Major Johnny Paul Koroma's junta took power from President Kabbah with guns blazing in May 1997, and sent foreign engineers scuttling home, the trade got nervous.

As evidence grew that Maj Koroma's men were digging up diamonds and selling them abroad so they could buy weapons, those in the diamond business knew something had to be done.

Follow the chain of diamond interests and you will arrive at the key players in the counter-coup that brought President Kabbah back to power in February this year.

British mercenaries gained a foothold in the country in 1996 when they were invited to advise a Canadian-based

company called Diamond-works on security. It was Raashid Sesana, an Indian financier with diamond interests, who first put up the money to bring Sandline in.

When the current war is over, Nigeria may want its cut, too: after Ecomog forces helped restore Liberia's elected leadership to its rightful place last year, the Nigerians helped themselves to some diamonds.

But for the time being at least the people of Freetown seem happy to have their de-

is the prospect of peaceful times to come.

All the fuss in England about arms being sent in support of President Kabbah's restoration, they say, is being raised by people who do not know the pain that Sierra Leone has been through. If they did, they would not pick diplomatic nits over who in British officialdom knew what, when, or about which UN resolution was violated in exporting arms to oust the junta.

There is no clean and above-board way, they argue, to deal with men who amputate and mutilate at whim. On Sierra Leone's radio and in the papers, there is nothing but swinging criticism of Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary. Earlier this week they described him as "the most hated man in the country" — quite a feat given the number of contenders for that position.

This is because Mr Cook, when the weapons affair came into the open, appeared to be trying to deflect any blame on to Peter Penfold, Britain's High Commissioner in Freetown.

Today Freetown people march in support of Mr Penfold, who is back in London to face allegations that he colluded in breaking the UN arms embargo to help his friend President Kabbah back to power.

They insist that Mr Penfold acted to get the junta out while others dithered. He may lose his job, but he has gained a nation of admirers.



Victims of Sierra Leone's carnage, in which fighting for control of the country's diamond areas has sent people fleeing from the countryside to the capital

Writ turns up heat at the Foreign Office

Richard Norton-Taylor and Owen Bowcott

THE Foreign Office, embroiled in the arms-to-Sierra Leone affair, faces fresh embarrassment over involvement in alleged sanctions-busting after a writ was served yesterday on two top officials in connection with the arms-to-Iraq scandal.

Reginald Dunk, an arms dealer whose conviction for trying to smuggle machine-guns to Iraq via Jordan was quashed on appeal, yesterday

Foreign Office's Middle East department, as a "bad show". Sir Richard Scott said in his report into the arms-to-Iraq affair: "Expressions such as a 'bad show' ... fall in my opinion a long way short of adequately describing the degree of impropriety."

Meanwhile, Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, is considering appointing Sir Thomas Legg, former head of the Lord Chancellor's department, to conduct an independent inquiry into the Foreign Office's handling of the arms-to-Sierra Leone affair.

The Guardian has learned that Foreign Office paperwork on the affair amounts to a pile little more than three inches high. The relatively limited documentation involved is one of the many reasons why the Government says a judicial public inquiry similar to Sir Richard's into the Iraq affair — which had to examine 200,000 documents — is inappropriate for the Sierra Leone debacle.

The papers apparently show that Foreign Office officials were extremely guarded in their contacts with Sandline, the private security company investigated by Customs for allegedly breaching a United Nations arms embargo on Sierra Leone.

It has also emerged that Peter Penfold, the High Commissioner in Sierra Leone who had discussions with Sandline — did not send any telegrams from west Africa as he had no access to the Foreign Office's secure communication system. It had been reported earlier this week that a telegram Mr Penfold sent to the Foreign Office had gone missing. During the civil war in Sierra Leone he was communicating with London by phone and fax from a hotel in Conakry, Guinea.

The conduct of Foreign Office officials in the Sierra Leone affair will be scrutinised in a Commons debate on Monday called by the Tories.

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Saturday opinion

Jet planes and the media spawned these summits. But now, haven't they peaked?

Clamp the motorcades

Mark Lawson

SHEPHERD's Bush roundabout may not be the best part of London — a police sign seeking information on an assassin or murderer seems to be a frequent feature — but those who walk regularly around White City and Holland Park are offered an unadvertised bonus. For this is motorcade city.

It is the sudden whistling you hear first, like several football matches playing on adjoining pitches. Looking round, you see the police on their horses, with their oddball balletic arm-signals, blocking the traffic at the cross junctions. Then comes the slick of limousines. In the past year President Clinton, President Chirac and Prime Minister Blair and Bertie Ahern are merely the most famous to have waved to the shoppers and drop-outs on their way to and from Heathrow.

New wave back. For the visit of a foreign leader is now routine. Soon it will be Emperor Akihito on way to meet the Queen. And, while the Shepherd's Bush roundabout may avoid the G8 leaders gathering in Britain this weekend, the Birmingham Bull Ring will get the callisthenic and whistling motorcades.

Exciting — and lucrative — though the conference may be for Birmingham, it is difficult elsewhere and beyond perspectives of regional publicity not to feel a sense of council elections falling the week after a general election. Clinton and Chirac were visitors to this country so recently. It seems astonishing now that.

At a G8 summit, debate has now been replaced by holiday snaps

just 25 years ago, the arrival in Britain of President Richard Nixon was covered live on television, the progress of his plane along the tarmac described by a Daily Mail.

The close proximity of the G8 conference in Birmingham and the state visit by the Japanese Emperor and his wife usefully focuses attention on the point of these diplomatic handshakes, these golden handshakes given to the politicians of other nations. Have summits, as it were, reached their peak?

Although they now sit in the political calendar with the inevitability of religious festivals, G8 summits (G7 until the admission of Russia) are surprisingly young: the first was in France in 1975. The histories of politics, aviation and the media came together to spawn the idea of these regular meetings.

AT FIRST the agendas were entirely economic, as was the time of fiscal uncertainty, mainly oil-related. These well-lubricated conversations were intended to reduce protectionism and other national self-interest. Yet equally relevant to the birth of the group summit at this time was that enough years had passed for the concept of the multi-leader conference to be rehabilitated after the notorious post-war carve-ups of Potsdam and Yalta.

This was also, significantly, a period when post-war optimism had given way to Cold War paranoia. There was a strong sense that these souped-up dinner parties were a glue of peace between nations. Better to

have a foreign leader's plane landing by invitation at your airport than a whole fleet from his air force arriving in your skies unannounced.

Indeed, aviation was also important to the development of the summit, as the Seventies were the period when long-haul flying became routine and G7 was a grouping encompassing Europe, America and Japan. Made possible by jet technology, the meetings were in another sense made worthwhile by electronics. An increasingly hungry and speedy news media were on hand to transmit each handshake and toast back to the nations from which the revellers had come. Finally, there may, more generally, have been something in the air at that time. The late 70s saw the election of the first air-mile Pope.

BUT the early years of G7, this project for international consensus, had the misfortune to coincide with the long periods in office of two political iconoclasts: Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Every few chapters in Thatcher's memoirs there appears another satisfied account of the intransigence of Britain and America against the rest in some famous resort location.

So the British prime minister came to see these levelling get-togethers as an opportunity for bi-laterals with the American president on the afternoon off and a source of power-dressing travelogue for use in her campaign commercials. In turn, the summits themselves rapidly became a large-scale photo-opportunity, in which a nation showed off its best views for the cameras and the leaders of smaller nations jostled to get beside the big players in the team shots.

The developing world is given financial aid but, in the developed world, the substance most hungered for is status. A G8 meeting or presidential visit is a form of status aid for smaller nations. Thatcher and Reagan were dropped like food parcels on the charisma-starved leaders and media elsewhere.

For state visit, we should also read status visit. These too have become the political equivalent of the tour of a hot pop star to the lesser foreign markets.

And, fittingly, it was John F. Kennedy, the Elvis of the democratic process, who created the modern market in such events.

But Emperor Akihito, when he arrives in Britain, is unlikely to create the same excitement. The row over whether or not he should receive a royal going — and whether or not the Duke of Edinburgh has a hankering for a royal going — merely underlines the stuffy irrelevancy of the event. Just as he did during the Diana week, Tony Blair will again embarrass the royals with their antiquity by staging his alk, modern, hi-tech summit so close to their own fistian show.

But there are two essential problems with the foreign leader's visit, whether in a pack or alone. The first is that voter cynicism has reduced interest in politicians while mass media coverage has stripped their mystique, as internationally active has over-exposed them. The second is that a summit requires high stakes. The true summits were the bi-lateral standoffs between Khrushchev and Kennedy, Nixon and Mao, Reagan and Gorbachev.

In this one perverse way, India's nuclear experiments this week are welcome in that they at least take this G8 beyond discussion of the vintage at dinner and the line-up at the pop concert afterwards. Otherwise, at a G8 summit, political debate has now essentially been replaced by holiday snaps.

Nixon landed in England as an exotic and distant figure. Overseas leaders these days are at the back of a motorcade jam. Clamping may be called for.



Talking pants

Catherine Bennett



A NEW dress code means that Armand Watts is no longer mayor of Chesham. If the Chesham councillors would not let him wear his expensive sports-wear in their chamber, then Watts was having none of them. In this newspaper, a full-length colour photograph

of Watts, in all his casual glory, illustrated what Chesham's matrons would, henceforth, be missing. He wore a leotard anorak. A pale green zippy top, stretched, somewhat tightly, over a little round tummy. Beige jeans. Black shoes.

If, as the ancient semiotics tell us, clothing is a language, a sign-system, then Watts's clothes were trying to tell us something. But what could it be? "Help", perhaps? Maybe the clothes were saying, "I'm so sorry, this is all I have. I can't afford a suit and tie, of the sombre and unshowy variety conventionally worn by the Mayor. But I must be a misanthrope, for as Watts confirmed, he owned a selection of suits, he just didn't waste them on the council chamber. Moreover, he rather unkindly pointed out,

his separates were of the first quality, far more expensive than his critics' humble suits. Maybe the clothes said, "I am anti-establishment." In its ostentatious inappropriateness, the outfit was a piece of "conspicuous outrage", as Quentin Bell defined the wearing of clothes deliberately to annoy and offend. Watts's sportswear articulated his contempt for Chesham's decaying institutions. But in that case, why did he want to become mayor in the first place? And for causing real offence, there's still nothing to be done about it.

The meaning turns out to be much simpler. Watts's clothes are, above all, babyish. Though tight, they are not sexy. He simply looks as if he's outgrowing them. You often see the same effect in a sprouting four-year-old, but

rarely in somebody over 40, who's no longer expanding upwards anyway. Semiotically this turns out to be exactly what was intended. Watts is youngish, 29. His former colleagues are old. Their meetings were really boring. "I was very hurt that they were prepared to make personal remarks about me," he said, "especially as almost all of them are way over 40." To add to Watts's distress at this disrespect for his youth, his replacement is a 62-year-old grandmother, who favours matching cream shoes and handbags. It was, he complained, "a step back into the dark ages of politics".

In fact, as his colleagues may be aware, being so venerable, it is Watts himself, with his stubborn informality, who harks back to the dark ages, to an era of beards, matted

Politics has come down to a choice between that red tank-top and the ivory two-piece. His clothes were trying to tell us something. But what could it be?

jumpers and inappropriate, roots-affirming donkey jackets, from which it has taken his party almost a decade of of unceasing Politisation to emerge. New Labour wants nothing to do

Wineries are getting like battery farms: maybe we need a Campaign for Real Wine

Something smells

Matthew Engel



I WAS musing the other night over a bottle of sauvignon from the Languedoc (Domaine Bessac, to be exact — *un issu de vignes cultivées en agriculture biologique*) how very strange is my chosen profession.

Offer readers informed and definitive guidance on such subjects as "Should One Approve of the Government?" or "Should Blair and Clinton Start the Third World War?" and the letters come in only by the small sackload. It is possible that some readers considered themselves qualified to hold opinions on these subjects even in the dark days before 1998, when this column was not around to help. Offer, on the other hand, a little *jeu d'esprit* about organic wine, and suddenly the Mount Pleasant sorting office thinks it's Christmas.

Last month I reported that I had been served a bottle of organic wine, that this seemed to offer the pleasures of drinking without the hangover, and that further investigation suggested the wine industry was addicted to chemical gunk.

The fact remains: the chances of the average diner being able to recognise a corked wine in one sip are slightly less than the chance of the chandelier falling on your head as you do so.

But there was another group of respondents: people who reckon that we are on to something. The Americans are already well attuned to the fact that the sulphur com-

welcome item of post was a package, apparently sent by a well-known supermarket chain, containing a sample case of organic wine. The senders should know I am incorruptible. If Waitrose think that this kind of stunt will get the name Waitrose into the Guardian, Waitrose have got another thing coming. Waitrose have.

Many readers wrote (mostly gleefully) that I knew nothing of chemistry. This was due to an understandable confusion between sulphur dioxide, which is used in wine-making as a preservative and a colour stabiliser, and hydrogen sulphide, which isn't, because it might kill you.

My ignorance of chemistry is hardly news: sad-eyed, harassed man called Mr Epstein was making the same point 30 years ago. And, given the popularity of our corrections and clarifications column, it couldn't do to get everything right.

Another group wrote (mostly pompously), rejecting my assertion that the practice of tasting wine while the waiter stands over you was a ridiculous nonsense which forms a means of social control by restaurants over customers. The letter-writers insist this is essential to see whether the wine is corked or not.

The fact remains: the chances of the average diner being able to recognise a corked wine in one sip are slightly less than the chance of the chandelier falling on your head as you do so.

But there was another group of respondents: people who reckon that we are on to something. The Americans are already well attuned to the fact that the sulphur com-

pounds used in wine, whatever they are, make many people feel ill. In this country, debate on wine remains dominated by experts who guard their subject with jargon and snobbery.

Many readers seem to agree that it is time they told us less about gooseberry noses and more about the stuff that's used to provide them. (There's an intriguing rumour that many of the truly smells are built in by using similar methods to those employed in scratch 'n' sniff.)

I don't seem 100 per cent cured of hangovers myself.

Investigation suggested the wine industry was addicted to chemical gunk

even after drinking organic wines. This might have something to do with volume. But I am having fewer of them, despite a month of assiduous research. And I intend to be a damn sight more thoughtful about my drinking in future.

There is obviously a legitimate argument to be had about the exact definition of "organic". Sulphur dioxide itself causes debate even among organic winemakers. Most experts agree that to some degree it is essential. But some Californian purists are kicking against allowing it at all. What seems certain is that the big firms are using a hell of a lot, and that it is helping make many of us feel lousy.

They say you should never

witness the making of laws or sausages. The same does seem to go for grapes. Last week I came across a report from the Californian Table Grape Commission on residues in stocks held in cold storage. Thompson Seedless (a supermarket near you now), it says blandly, are particularly susceptible to excessive build-up of residues from fumigants, and are limited in the US to a mere 12 "gassings". Fine word: "gassings". The consequence of this? I have no idea. I do know that the wine columns tell us less about gassings than gooseberries.

This month's What's Brewing, the Camera newspaper, contains a book review which touches on these issues and perhaps presages the start of a Campaign for Real Wine. "Most people think of wine as a craft product when in fact most wine-making is more akin to battery farming," it is a review of a book called *The Wild Bunch* by Patrick Matthews (Faber, £7.99) which champions the mass growers against the people who are fooling people with their homely labels. This is a complex issue.

I can't pretend I am an expert. But I know when the experts are not telling us the whole truth. It's time the wine industry received proper scrutiny.

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with clothes as minority statements, unless that statement is, "I'm an autumn person." If the Third Way means anything, it means looking slick: smart suits and discreet ties for men, pink jackets and low-heeled courts for women. There is no place, here, for anoraks, which is why Robin Cook was anxious, after his wedding, to deny ever having associated with such a garment. "What I was actually wearing," he clarified, "was a rather expensive car coat." But not too expensive. New Labour has its own sumptuary laws, which dictate that MPs should, at all times, resemble middle-ranking building society personnel, unless they are Prime Minister, in which case they imitate a branch manager.

ARMAND WATTS might well be happier with the Conservatives, where leasurewear is also being used to semaphore a break with the past, a past, in their case, of chalkstrikes, brogues, and weekend cavalry twills. True to form, Hague has got the whole thing wrong: striving to make his party seem normal, he simply advertises its oddness. There was That Baseball Cap — the sartorial version of Munchausen's Syndrome. That "leisurewear" weekend, when MPs were forced to parade in interesting knits. Worst of all, there was That Flap, by Portillo, for "some black faces, or people wearing open-neck shirts — perhaps with an Armani jacket". There is no need to listen to the blege Conservatives talk, you need only look at their attempts to dress the part. To see they've lost their way. Once upon a time, Conservatives just dressed conservatively, without thinking about it. The three-piece suits were traditional, ruling-class clothes: they didn't have to substitute for policies. Now, in the absence of any distinct political ideas, the only way for the Tories to seem popular, is to dress popular.

The fewer real differences there are between the parties, the more presentation and looking the part have come to matter. Just as Labour had to sever its links with the shabby pullovers of socialism, the Tories, suddenly lacking ideological confidence, feel they must also make themselves down to a question of outfits, a choice between that red tank-top and the ivory two-piece, the Hugo Boss or the Country Casuals. In the circumstances, the Chesham councillors were right to devise a code. Whether or not you want to participate in it, there is a language of clothes, and most people can understand it. This week, for example, Liz Hurley's dress clearly said, "look at my pants, not at the bride". And everyone did. We must hope it doesn't give William Hague any silly ideas.

Frank Sinatra

The Guardian Saturday May 16 1998

The voice of our century

THE popular music of this century is too vast to be embodied by one man, but Frank Sinatra, who has died aged 82, probably contained more of it than any other single figure. He was the first teenage idol, and the last of a line. He preceded Elvis and the Beatles, yet outlasted them. He began with Bing and ended with Bono.

His exit is what concerns us today, but Sinatra specialised in entrances. The orchestra would be tuning up, the audience finding their seats, and suddenly, with the house lights still on, in the midst of the noises of preparation, there he would be, on the stage, without fuss or announcement, as though he had just stepped off the street. Such underplaying was characteristic of his art, if rarely of his life.

A concern for the nuances of that art made him the singer's singer, but the more garish aspects of his existence — the alleged underworld connections, the fist-fights with gossip columnists, the whole overbearing ring-a-ding-ding macho thing — made him human. And, when all is said and done, he bequeathed us definitive versions of some of the century's greatest songs: *What's New*, *Angel Eyes*, *Volts For Your Furs*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *You Go To My Head*, *Someone To Watch Over Me*, *Que Pasa*, *My Heart Out To Dry*, *Laura*, *Come Fly With Me*, *My Funny Valentine* and a hundred others. These are his monuments.

Today's pilgrims will find only a parking lot on the site where he was born, 415 Monroe Street in Hoboken, a small New Jersey port standing across the Hudson river from lower Manhattan. He weighed an enormous 13.5lbs at birth, requiring the energetic use of forceps. His eardrums punctured and the skin of his face and neck torn by the imple-



30,000 fans, unable to get into his concert, ran amok in Times Square

ments, he showed no immediate sign of life, the doctor turned to save the mother, but the infant was held under a cold-water tap by his grandmother until he wailed into life.

His genes were a blueprint for a refusal to take life as it came. Both his parents had been brought to America from Italy as children. His Sicilian father, Martin Sinatra, worked as a boilermaker and then as a fireman; he also boxed, under the name Marty O'Brien, and occasionally appeared as an extra in silent movies. But it was Martin's wife, Dolly, who exerted the stronger influence on their only child. Born Natale Garavito, the daughter of a Neapolitan lithographer, she became active in Democratic politics in New Jersey.

Sinatra left Demarest High School at 16, having demonstrated no particular academic talent, his destiny had been determined a year earlier, when an uncle bought him a ukulele. Under the spell of Bing Crosby, he was singing in local clubs at the age of 17, aided by a \$66 sound system bought with a loan from his doting mother.

In the autumn of 1935 he auditioned for a New York radio show called *Major Bowes and his Original Amateur Hour*. Bowes put him together with a vocal trio called the Three Flashes, rechristened them the Hoboken Four, featured them in two short films (one involving a blackface performance, to the embarrassment of Sinatra, a lifelong anti-racist) and sent them on a national tour.

nightly radio broadcast to New York. It paid off when the trumpeter Harry James heard the show and travelled to Alpine to hear and see the singer for himself. "He'd sung only eight bars when I felt the hairs on my neck rising," James recollected. That night he offered Sinatra \$75 a week to join his new band.

A season at the celebrated Roseland Ballroom, one block away from the jazz club of 52nd Street, brought him his first review. During the engagement he made his first recording with the band, *From The Bottom Of My Heart*, for the Brunswick label.

In the same month that he joined the James orchestra he married Nancy Barbato, whom he had met as a teenager on holiday with their families on the Jersey shore. She went on the road with him, cooking spaghetti for the financially pressed band.

To his credit, James did not stand in Sinatra's way when, early in 1940, Tommy Dorsey made a bid for the singer's services. Dorsey's trombone-playing had been one of the principal influences on Sinatra's vocal style. Singing while swimming underwater was a favourite exercise, giving him the breath-control to sing "through" the breaks between the lines of a song, avoiding ruptures that could damage the meaning.

"It's always been just this little guy telling this story," Ella Fitzgerald said of him, capturing the essence of his ability to get beneath the superficial design of a song. He had learned how to phrase a lyric from two other women singers: Mabel Mercer, the Staffordshire-born star of 1930s café society in Paris and New York, and Billie Holiday, whom he heard on 52nd Street in the 1930s.

Sinatra was with Dorsey from 1940 to 1942, earning \$150 a week. He had his first hit, *I'll Never Smile Again*, with the band, and thanks to exposure to radio and dance-hall audiences, and to his first feature films, the musicals *Las Vegas Nights* and *Ship Ahoy*, he was soon topping the polls in the music trade papers.

His efforts to enlist in the armed services after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941 were thwarted by his punctured eardrum, which gave him an automatic 4-F health rating. But throughout the war he did what he could as a non-combatant, notably making efforts to publicise Nazi crimes against the Jews — it was on a Dorsey date that he attacked a fan who made an anti-Semitic remark.

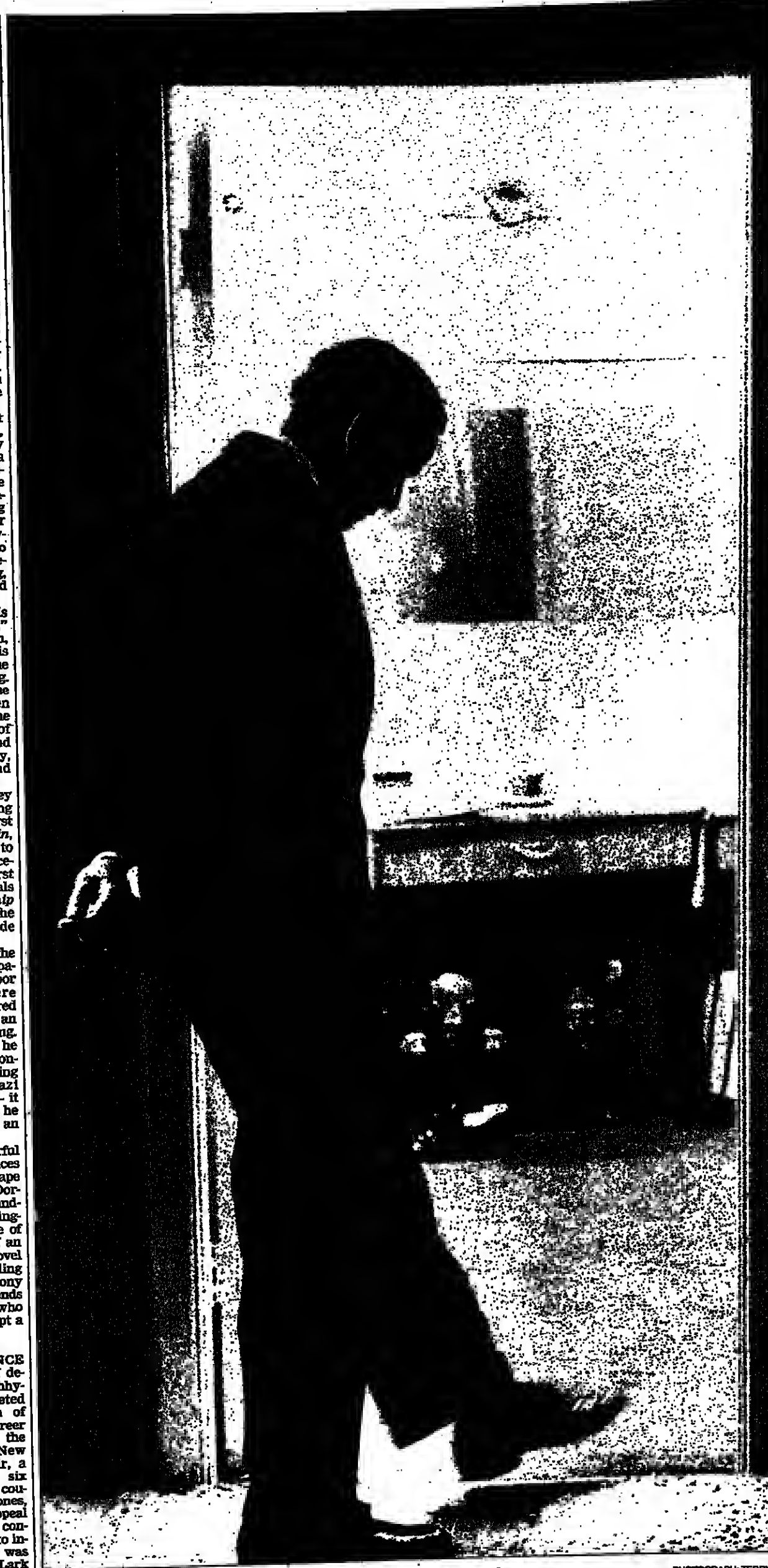
There are many colourful accounts of the circumstances surrounding Sinatra's escape from his contract with Dorsey, which gave the band-leader 43 per cent of the singer's earnings for life. One of them formed the basis of an episode in Mario Puzo's novel *The Godfather*, but according to the singer's own testimony it was not his Sicilian friends but his civilian lawyers who persuaded Dorsey to accept a settlement of \$75,000.

AN AUDIENCE made up of delirious bobby-soxers greeted the launch of his solo career on December 30, 1942 at the Paramount Theatre, New York. Slim and debonair, a couple of inches under six feet tall and weighing a couple of pounds under 10 stones, Sinatra redefined the appeal of the male pop singer, signing the competition to insignificance. He was being called the Lean, Mean and the Sultan of Swoon; eventually these were distilled to an irreducible sobriquet: *The Voice*.

Within a month his income rocketed from \$750 to \$25,000 a week; not long afterwards he moved from New Jersey to a house on Lake Tahoe, a 10-foot fence to keep his fans at bay while Nancy brought up the first of their three children, Nancy Jr.

With the help of the arranger Axel Stordahl, and despite the interference of Columbia's recording boss, the dim-witted Mitch Miller, was making some wonderful records. His own explanation for his popularity is probably the most acute: "It was the war years, and there was a great loneliness. I was the boy in every corner drugstore, the boy who'd gone off to war."

There is some evidence that his shrewd press agent, George Evans, was already devising schemes to maximise the phenomenon: fans were paid to scream, and Sinatra sometimes took the stage wearing suits with weakened seams. At any rate his return to the Paramount Theatre in



Always his way... the more garish aspects of his existence made him human

1944 precipitated an event which became known as the Columbus Day Riot after 30,000 fans, unable to gain admission, ran amok in Times Square.

That year he sang at Ebbets Field, the home of the Brooklyn Dodgers, in aid of the Red Cross, and was received at the White House by President Roosevelt. His movie career advanced in 1945 when he co-starred with Gene Kelly in *Anchors Aweigh* and appeared in *The House I Live In*, which carried a civil rights message.

But in the aftermath of the war, when the shrinking economy was putting an end to the swing era, a slow decline began. Perhaps it can be dated from the day in 1947 when he was forced to settle after a newspaper columnist, Lee Mortimer, had sued him for assault, following an incident at Ciro's nightclub in Hollywood which Sinatra claimed Mortimer had started by calling him a dog.

Soon it was open season. The California state senate committee on un-American

activities accused him of having "followed or appeased some of the Communist Party line over a long period of time". Another columnist, probably tipped off by a government agency, revealed that he had been seen socialising with the mobster Lucky Luciano in Havana, during a con-vention of Mafia heads. His abrasive response to these and other stories antagonised many gossip columnists.

What hurt more was that his vocal approach had been supplanted in the affections of teenage audiences by the likes of Frankie Laine and Johnnie Ray. This led to difficulties to revive his appeal by forcing him to record novelty songs. And in 1950 the death of Evans, his *consigliere*, left him directionless.

His personal life, too, had slipped its moorings. There were affairs with actresses and singers, including Lana Turner. He was dancing with her one night in 1947 at a club in Palm Springs, California, when he met Ava Gardner,

who was in the arms of the tycoon Howard Hughes. Two years later Sinatra and Gardner began an affair which culminated in their marriage in Philadelphia in November 1951, a week after his divorce from Nancy had been finalised. By the time they married, Gardner was already the bigger star of the two. This created tensions and led to rows. During an engagement at the Copacabana in New York, he lost his voice for the first and last time. But out of it came artistic capital. "It was Ava Riddle said many years later. "She was the greatest love of his life, and he lost her." Sinatra's emotional turmoil is preserved in his recording of *I'm A Fool To Want You*, in which the listener seems to be eavesdropping on a private and painful battle between ecstasy and tragedy. Their wedding was still eight months away.

When they separated in 1953, his fortunes were at a nadir. His Columbia deal was over, and so, apparently, was his movie career. Determined to resurrect himself, he signed with a new label, Capitol Records, on terms which clearly indicated the company's lack of confidence: this was a mere one-year contract, with no advance payment against future royalties.

Sinatra wanted to play the lead in *On The Waterfront*, but was beaten to it by Brando. So he pleaded with Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures, to give him the part of Angelo Maggio in *Fred Zinneman's From Here To Eternity*. As with the Dorsey deal, there were rumours that outside assistance had been necessary to secure Cohn's assent, but the result was a best supporting actor Oscar in 1954, and a relaunched career.

There was a change of visual image, too. His boyishness had gone. The figure slumped on a bar counter or leaning against a lamp-post on the covers of his new Capitol LPs was clearly a mature

man. Wearing his new wardrobe of dark single-breasted robe of dark single-breasted suits, white shirts and snap-brim hats, he was in tune with an audience of young adults who were enjoying the Eisenhower-era prosperity and found his music the ideal soundtrack to the new world of G-plan furniture and menthol cigarettes.

Between 1953 and 1960, he created a sequence of albums which remain definitive statements of 20th century American song, each devised as an informal song-cycle exploring a particular emotional climate, taking advantage of the great range and depth that experience and age brought to his interpretations. Of all his arrangements, Nelson Riddle displayed the clearest understanding of the singer's altered temperament, a rare gift for orchestral colour enabling him to locate the precise settings for the finger-snapping optimism of *Songs For Sinatras' Lovers* and the elegant melancholy of *In The Wee Small Hours*. These classic albums were followed in 1958 by *Only The Lonely*, an astonishingly complex and assured meditation on emotional loss.

In Hollywood Sinatra broadened his range by playing a heroin addict in *The Man With The Golden Arm* in 1955, followed by the successful musicals *Gypsy* and *Dolls* (also 1955), *High Society* (1956) and *Pal Joey* (1957), and *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962). John Frankenheimer's atmospheric Cold War drama. Thereafter, disappointingly, his filmography consisted of little more than action and adventure films.

DIVORCED from Ava in 1954, he romanced Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Shirley Maclaine, Dorothy Provine, Jill St John, the heiress Gloria Vanderbilt, the dancer Juliet Prowse and many others. He was also gathering around him a group of male friends who became known as the Rat Pack, comprised of the singer Dean Martin, the entertainer Sammy Davis Jr, the actor Peter Lawford, and the comedian Joey Bishop. Associate members included his close friends Jilly Rizzo, owner of nightclubs in New York and Miami, and Jack Engrat, operator of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, where Sinatra appeared regularly. This only child was clanish by nature, and in the early 1960s he built a spread of de luxe bungalows in Palm Springs, as a base camp for himself and his entourage.

At the dawn of the 1960s he left Capitol to form his own label, Reprise Records, in partnership with Warner Brothers. By this time he was rich, earning around \$4 million a year, and powerful, with links to a variety of worlds, notably John F Kennedy's Camelot. He produced Kennedy's inauguration gala in 1960; two years later, during the Cuban missile crisis, he was tipped off in time to plan his family's evacuation in advance of an expected Soviet nuclear attack. But his relationship with the White House cooled under the influence of Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General, who was conducting a war on organised crime and felt that Sinatra's links with the gambling world could damage the administration.

In 1963 Sinatra's licence to operate the Cal-Neva Lodge, his \$4 million casino hotel at Lake Tahoe, was taken away after the Nevada Gaming Commission uncovered his relationship with Sam Giancana, a Chicago Mafia boss. He had appeared at Giancana's nightclub in Northbrook, Illinois, as a thank-you for contributions to JFK's campaign; he had also entertained Giancana at the Cal-Neva. Subsequently the singer, the mobster and the president were said to have shared a mistress, Judith Campbell Exner. That was as close as anyone ever got to putting the finger on Sinatra's rumoured Mob connections. In 1961, after gaining access to his personal files under the Freedom of Information Act during a long legal battle, he won his casino operator's licence back.

The advent of the Beatles aged a lot of singers overnight. Sinatra responded with a bout of introspection, the 1965 album, *September Of My Years*. Yet only a few months later he married a 19-year-old actress, Mia Farrow, and demonstrated his continuing artistic virility by winning Grammy awards — the US music industry's Oscars — for an album, *A Man And His Music*, based on a successful TV special, and a hit single, *Strangers In The Night*. And at the end of the 1960s he had an even greater success with *My Way*, a lush French ballad with an English lyric by the singer Paul Anka which gave Sinatra the opportunity to explore some of the more rebarbative facets of his own char-

acter. The combination of cockiness and vulnerability that once seduced the bobby-soxers had decayed over a quarter of a century into a defiantly maudlin solipsism.

By now the voice which had bloomed in the 1940s and ripened in the 1950s was starting to wither as the 1960s wore on. In March 1971 he announced his retirement, taking his final bow at a gala performance in Los Angeles. But no one was very surprised when he revoked his decision two years later, releasing an album with a typically self-mythologising title: *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*.

The remainder of his career gradually assumed the air of a 20-year farewell tour. Despite the occasional success with congenial material (such as Sondheim's *Send In The Clowns*), the later recordings were generally uninspired. The stage shows, scheduled with an impressively reckless disregard for his age, were eventually marked by a reluctance not just on Frank Jr, who conducted the orchestra, but on large teleprompter screens at all corners of the stage, feeding him lyrics and patter. Even as his powers waned there was the occasional hallucinatory glimpse of the slim, youthful figure perched on a bar stool, a jacket over his shoulder and a cigarette between his fingers.

Many of his later appearances were charitable fund-raising since eased away from the Democrats, transferring his allegiance to the presidencies of Nixon, Bush and his old friend Reagan, whose inauguration he hosted. Personally he remained on good terms with his former wives, particularly Nancy, the mother of his children, and was successfully married for a fourth and last time in 1976 to Barbara Marx, the former wife of Zeppo Marx.

Gradually, he was transformed from a singer into a symbol. In the mid-1980s, with a suite of dances titled *Nine*



He changed from a singer into a symbol as he made a 20-year farewell tour

Sinatra Songs, the American choreographer Twyla Tharp showed us that even his lesser creations — *Strangers In The Night*, *Softly As I Leave You*, *Somethin' Stupid*, *Forget Me Not*, *My Way* — had a special value of their own and a place in our collective consciousness.

In 1993, astonishingly, he topped the charts again with an album called *Duetts*, in which he was joined by singers both obviously compatible (his old friends Tony Bennett and Lisa Minelli) and staggeringly improbable (Bono and Gloria Estefan). The partners, often thousands of miles away from the studio at the time of recording, were linked by fibre-optics and digital technology, and by a collective reverence for the old man whose world they were entering.

Early in 1994 Sinatra faltered on stage at Radio City Music Hall while making a speech in acceptance of a lifetime-achievement Grammy award. Long-standing rumours that he was suffering from the onset of Alzheimer's disease gathered force. A week later, performing in Richmond, Virginia, he collapsed in front of 3,600 people while singing *My Way*. After being taken to hospital, he swiftly discharged himself and flew home to Palm Springs and a real retirement.

All that remained was the following year's celebration of his 80th birthday, its highlight an internationally televised party at which he was serenaded by the surviving giants of American popular music. The guest of honour chose not to sing. His work was done.

Richard Williams

Francis Albert Sinatra, singer, actor, born December 12, 1915; died May 15, 1998

He began with Bing, and ended with Bono

Northern Rock investigation prompts warning from OFT director

Banks ordered to play fair

Jim Treanor

THE Office of Fair Trading told banks yesterday to treat their customers fairly or risk court action. The warning followed the OFT's investigation into complaints about Northern Rock, which John Bridgeman, the Director General of Fair Trading, said raised questions about "a cavalier attitude towards savers".

Some of Northern Rock's 1.1 million customers have complained that their accounts were restructured without notice, leaving them locked into accounts which paid lower rates of interest. The complaints have already prompted a Government inquiry by Helen Liddell, economic secretary to the Treasury.

These grievances, which fall under the Unfair Terms in Consumer Contracts Regulations, prompted the OFT to take a preliminary look at other banks and raised questions about the fair trading body that other banks may also run the risk of treating their customers unfairly.

The OFT has not received complaints about any other banks, however, and its investigation focuses solely on Northern Rock. The OFT will meet officials from the Newcastle-based bank on Thursday to discuss the matter further.

The future followed Northern Rock's decision to rationalise its 11 postal accounts into three - 60- and 90-day notice accounts and an instant access account. Customers worst affected were those transferred out of 60-day notice accounts into the 90-day notice account and those moved from 60-day notice accounts into the 30-day one. While these accounts

are often more user-friendly, they pay interest rates up to 2.05 per cent per annum less. "Customers do not expect banks to change arbitrarily the nature of a product, lock them into less favourable terms and conditions, fail to give adequate warning of any changes and treat some account holders differently from others," Mr Bridgeman said.

Northern Rock stood its ground. "We sincerely believe we have acted with the highest standards of probity and good faith in this as in all matters concerning our dealings with customers," Leo Finn, chief executive of the bank, said.

Relationships between financial services companies and customers are conducted under the Banking Code operated by the British Bankers' Association. Under the code, banks and other financial services companies promise to "act fairly and reasonably" in any dealings with customers.

Breaking old ties



John Major stayed true to the white tie but Kenneth Clarke opted for black while Gordon Brown stuck to 'working clothes' when addressing the City

London clings to the tail end of fashion

DAN ATKINSON on the latest trend

THE spirit of unbuttoned, modernised Britain is meeting tough resistance in one of the last bastions of old-style formality: the Corporation of London.

True, John Major always wore the traditional white tie. But Chancellor Gordon Brown took the annual Lord Mayor's dinner down a sartorial peg last year, appearing in a lounge suit.

Trna, his predecessor Kenneth Clarke had already "scruffed down" to black tie from the traditional white tie and tails. And true, the current Lord Mayor, Alderman Richard Nichols, is to allow Brown-style business suits at this year's annual Mansion House bash for the

chancellor on June 11. But the new dispensation is being granted only through grudging teeth.

The invitation to meet "the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Governor and Directors of The Bank of England and Bankers and Merchants of the City of London" specifies black tie.

But a small card paper, clipped to the invitation adds: "Should guests find it inconvenient to wear Black Tie, a dark lounge suit would be welcome."

A Corporation spokesman explained that the majority of guests would wear dinner jackets, but the Chancellor's dress would be a matter for him.

Strictly speaking, white tie was never required at the Lord Mayor's bash, as it is a dinner (black tie/cocktail dress), rather than a banquet. White tie continues to be *de rigueur* in the City on all state occasions and for visiting foreign royalty.

In the real world, according to Moss Bros' commercial sales manager Alan Platt, formal wear is on the "up and up and up" as people rediscover the joys of dressing up.

Back in the Square Mile, white-tie will be back in favour on May 27, as bankers gather to honour Emperor Akihito of Japan. Someone at least continues to value the fine old British way of doing things.

Last year, Mr Brown addressed the City audience in "working clothes". But his business suit marked just the latest descent from the white-tie tradition junked by Mr Clarke in favour of dinner jackets, hitherto worn only by waiters and the more obscure foreign bankers.

Rail leasing companies need tougher controls, says report

Call for new code of practice after managers pocket millions

Keith Harper Transport Editor

BITAIN'S three private rail-leasing companies are too powerful and should be subject to tougher controls, the rail regulator, John Swift, ruled yesterday.

He told the deputy prime minister, John Prescott, that a new code of practice should be drawn up and that any abuse should be heavily penalised under powers given to the regulator in the new Competition Bill.

But Mr Swift stopped short of adopting a proposal by Mr Prescott that the three companies should be regulated. He also rejected the previous government's claims that

slicing the industry into three would guarantee competition. The three companies under the spotlight are Porterhouse, Angel Trains and Eversholt, owners of more than 11,000 locomotives and carriages.

In a tough review of the industry commissioned by Mr Prescott, Mr Swift says: "I entirely reject the proposition that the rail leasing companies do not have and may not be expected to have market power. Rules will have to be drawn up to ensure that there is no risk of market failure."

Mr Swift proposes that the three companies, sold for £1.8 billion in 1996, should draw up a code of practice covering areas of potential abuse. The companies have been among the most savagely attacked

components of the new look privatised industry because of the vast profits made by managers who bought shares in them.

In the most notorious example, Sandy Anderson pocketed £33 million from the sale of Porterbrook to Stagecoach. The other sales were of Eversholt to a management buy-out team, subsequently acquired by Forward Trust, and Angel to Nomura and later sold on to the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Fault leads to US recall of new Beetle

Tony May

VOLKSWAGEN is having to recall all of the new-design Beetles it has sold in the United States. Relunched 19 years after the demise of the cult car, VW's retro-styled replacement is based on the Golf, and has been sold only into America - from its plant in Mexico -

for the past month. The model started as a concept car on show at the Detroit Motor Show four years ago. After attracting rave reviews, VW asked customers to submit ideas for the car and launched it in a front-engined style complete with air conditioning.

The German manufacturer warned motorists yesterday that it needed to repair the wiring in all the 8,500 cars sold to avert possible engine fires.

Spokesman Steve Kayes said three complaints of an air conditioning compressor malfunction had alerted VW to the problem. The engine wires were damaged through rubbing against the edge of the car's battery tray.

New Beetle owners, most of whom spent months waiting lists to nab their bugs, are being notified by express mail. Dealers will replace the tray and reroute the wires at no charge, VW said.

Meanwhile BMW yesterday denied stock market rumours that it had reached an agreement with its rival, allowing VW to buy Rolls-Royce Motor Cars' Bentley brand from Vickers while BMW took over the Rolls-Royce brand.

Saturday Notebook

Indonesia takes Japan to abyss



Alex Brummer

INDONESIA'S increasingly violent crisis means that the Group of Eight heads of government will not be short of an immediate emergency during today's "trilateral" chat in retreat, away from the Birmingham smog.

As well as the political helplessness which the G8 must feel as an old and corrupt strategic ally, President Suharto, is - like so many other autocrats around the globe - being forced from power, the alarm bells must be ringing over the financial and economic consequences.

This is precisely the violent outcome in East Asia which the West has been struggling to avoid since July 1997, when Indonesia's currency, the rupiah, was caught in the backwash of the devaluation of Thailand's baht.

Of all the countries in the region, Indonesia was always regarded as the most worrying. Whereas South Korea and Thailand have installed new, reforming political administrations since the economic crisis, Indonesia has stuck with the old. Moreover, despite a series of delegations from the United States, including a visit by defence secretary William Cohen designed to read the riot act and undermine Indonesia's strategic significance, the message never really got through to President Suharto and his cohorts who have long

complic in allowing events to reach the present level of public disorder and strategic threat. It is not only Japanese banks that have been affected. Those UK lenders which have been so biased about the East Asia crisis, claiming that their experience in the region will protect them from big debt write-offs, are also exposed now. HSBC estimated at the end of December that it had \$1.8 billion on loan to Indonesia; Standard Chartered has interests there and the Royal Bank of Scotland, despite the provisions it has made already, could face further exposure.

Indeed, much of the economic stabilisation for the region which has been put in place by the IMF and others has been dependent on Japanese finance, with Tokyo providing \$5 billion of the \$40 billion rescue package. The first tranche of \$1 billion being intended to replenish the country's foreign exchange reserves. However, it may be Japan's own reserves which need replenishing soon. Despite interventions in the foreign exchange markets and the pronouncements of the Group of Seven, the yen is close to its weakest level in history, at 135 to the dollar. The stock market is equally sick, with the Nikkei index edging down towards the 15,000 mark (against 28,181 at its peak in December 1989), while other leading equity markets are close to all-time highs.

The markets plainly believe that Japan is on the edge of an abyss: Indonesia is pushing it that much closer. The other industrial countries cannot now claim it is simply East Asia's problem. Prolonged recession and disinflation in Japan represent a siren which will be sounding loud and clear in Birmingham this weekend.

Both the US Treasury secretary, Robert Rubin, and the IMF's managing director, Michel Camdessus, are known to be fearful of the consequences for the global economy if Japan fails to act. Japan's economy is in recession and, although the proposed tax and stimulus package may provide a respite this year, it is by no means clear that Mr Hashimoto has convinced his country's power brokers that planned fiscal cuts should be rescinded. Moreover, the IMF believes that the Japanese banks have taken far too long to tackle their underlying problems, which it now seems will be compounded by events in Indonesia.

The numbers are startling for Japan but not that comforting for the rest of the western banking system, either. Japanese banks, the very same banks that are struggling with their own huge internal bad-debt problem, are the biggest lenders to Indonesia, with a combined \$23.14 billion (\$14.2 billion) of loans outstanding as of June 1997, when the crisis began. Put another way, it is Japanese assets, from shopping centres to office blocks and factories, which are being torched by the rioters. There are other equally alarming measures of Japanese involvement: according to the Indonesian authorities, some 40 per cent of the debt held by Indonesian companies is owed to Japanese entities.

The Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi alone has \$3.18 billion of lending to Indonesia, of which about half is to Japanese companies operating in the country. In corporate terms it seemed entirely sensible for Japan to move its manufacturing offshore to cheaper labour areas such as Indonesia. However, by continuing to keep the Suharto style of family capitalism in Tokyo, who have long

News in brief

Allied Carpets takes a beating

More than £40 million was wiped off the value of Allied Carpets yesterday after Britain's second largest home furnishings retailer said that profits for 1997-98 would be considerably below last year's £16.2 million.

Ray Nethercott, managing director, said sales over the Easter holiday were 10 per cent down on last year, the first May bank holiday was below expectations and the "difficult" trading conditions would continue for the remaining six weeks of the company's year.

Allied's shares sank more than 30 per cent and would have fallen further had Mr Nethercott not promised to maintain the final dividend at last year's level. The group's shares have fallen 70 per cent in the past 18 months.

\$262,000 water bill Three Valleys Water company has paid £262,000 in an out-of-court compensation settlement with eight workers who were sacked after they refused to accept reduced terms and conditions. The settlement, reached after the sackings were opposed by the GMB union, involves payments ranging from £28,500 to £42,500.

Sky pilots movies

Sky Television has signed a deal with World Productions to make three films as part of its strategy of boosting original production. The films will be shown on Sky's film channels next year, having been selected for production by general manager, broadcaster, Elisabeth Murdoch and head of programming James Baker. World Productions is behind TV series for the BBC such as *This Life* and *Ballykissangel*.

News Corp enters fray

The \$4 billion race for control of US educational publisher Simon & Schuster broadened yesterday after Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation entered the running in unlikely league with the former "junk bond" king Michael

Finance **Guardian****At the St James' infirmary**

Football is not what Newcastle's directors will really be thinking about at Wembley. JULIA FINCH reports

THIS directors' box at Wembley stadium will be shimmering with tension this afternoon. Wealthy men will sit shoulder to shoulder, muttering politely, but thinking only of tactics and victory.

The gentlemen in question are not the respective directors of Newcastle United and Arsenal; they are all Newcastle men. The tactics they are considering have nothing to do with flat back fours and sweeper systems; the victory they have in mind is unrelated to the Cup Final.

For, as soon as today's match is over, a new boardroom row is set to erupt at St James' Park.

Win, lose or draw, Newcastle will be back in the news in the coming days as company chairman Sir Terence Harrison attempts to impose his authority and force the Hall family, which controls 57 per cent of Newcastle United plc, to give up control of the club they have in mind — and financed — from Division Two to Premiership glamour.

The confrontation, deliberately delayed until after today's match, is expected to result in either Sir Terence or Sir John Hall cutting all ties with the club. Both are tough operators. Neither will give easily. A source close to the club said: "There will probably be some very nasty scenes. We are expecting some blood on the carpet."

For the shareholders who invested in the club when it made its stock market debut a year ago the 12-month history

of Newcastle as a public company has been a bad scene. The shares have slid remorselessly; there have been almost as many boardroom resignations as Alan Shearer goals; the team's fortunes have waned; and there have been a distasteful number of large cheques handed around.

Chief executive Freddie Fletcher, and two other directors, who have since quit, were given £1.1 million "thank-you payments" for steering the club to the stock market. One of those two, Mark Corbridge, banked \$300,000 for just eight months work before quitting.

Other directors shared £4 million in pre-float payouts. Even former manager Kevin Keegan, who quit before the club joined the stock market, received a £1 million float bonus.

Now, after Newcastle v Arsenal, we are about to watch Harrison v Hall. Each side has its own supporters. In the public battle, representing "Newcastle Football Club" and its chairman, Sir John Hall, is an ex-Sun reporter who now works for a firm of Glasgow media consultants. Meanwhile Newcastle United plc — the club's parent company — and Sir Terence have employed a top firm of City spin doctors.

The new row is directly linked to the scandal which engulfed the club in March. At that time the club's two leading shareholders, Douglas Hall — Sir John's son — and club chairman Freddie Shepherd, were the target of a Sunday newspaper exposé, in which they allegedly boasted



St James' Park, the football club's stadium on the hill at Gallowgate, dominates the Newcastle upon Tyne skyline

PHOTOGRAPH: RAUL DIXON

about fleeing the club's fans and made disparaging remarks about the women of the North-east.

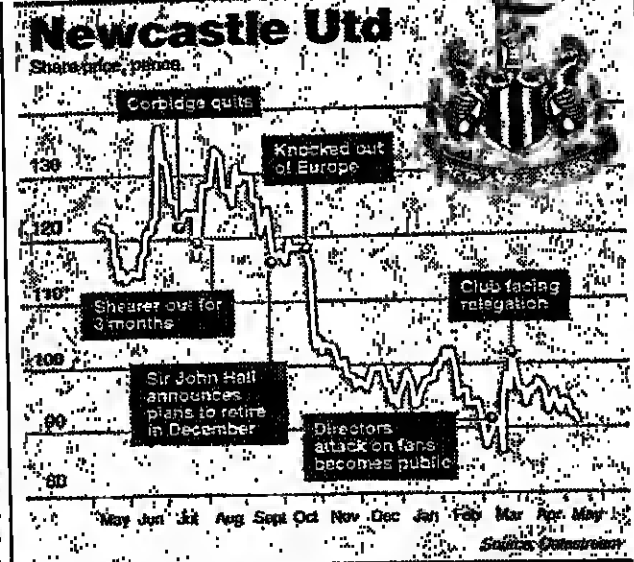
It was also claimed that the duo referred to star striker Alan Shearer as "Mary Poppins" and bragged about their serial sexual conquests and European brothel-creeper.

The two made a public apology and fled the country. Had Newcastle still been a private

family company they could have lain low and waited for the furore to die down. But public companies demand higher standards.

The sex, drugs and rip-off allegations were repellent to the three high-profile businessmen who had been drafted onto the Newcastle board as non-executive directors at flotation to provide credibility and expertise.

The trio had excellent credentials. Sir Terence, a former chief executive of Rolls-Royce and chairman of construction group Alfred McAlpine, was appointed non-executive chairman. He was joined by Denis Cassidy, the former boss of Boddington's brewery, and John Mayo, the bright young finance director of GEC.



£35 million. Neither is the family prepared to escape the attention paid to the club by making an offer to other shareholders and taking the club private again.

One thing is certain. Non-executive director John Mr Mayo has had enough. "I thought it would be fun," he has been reported as saying. "It isn't." He is quitting.

With two new non-executives drafted in to represent the Douglas Hall and Shepherd shareholdings, that leaves just two true independents on the board — Messrs Harrison and Cassidy.

Even those battle lines are blurred, as Mr Cassidy is said to be quite sympathetic to Sir John Hall's position.

Some speculate he may even emerge as chairman, which would be ironic given that only six months ago he was ousted as chairman of the Liberty store group by controlling family shareholders.

Either way, the next fortnight will be decisive. Newcastle will emerge either as a respectable, conventionally-run organisation with a strong chairman or as a company no professional investor would touch.

Whichever, the result of the boardroom battle will certainly have a longer-term effect on the future of the club than the result of the Cup Final.

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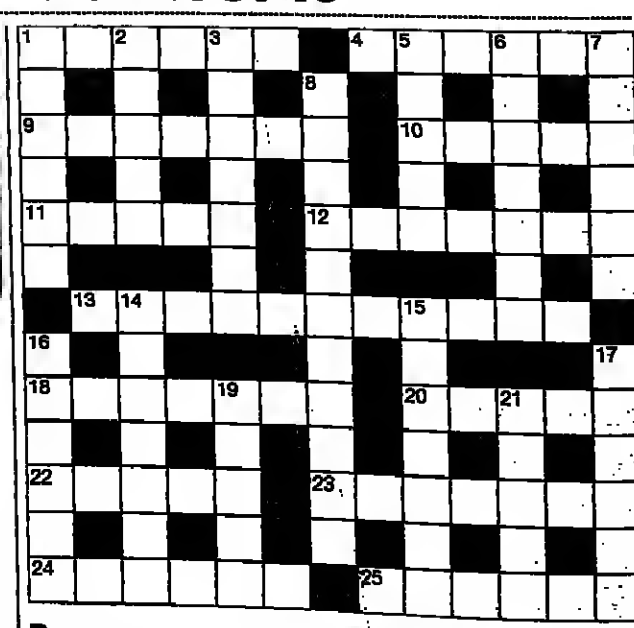
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UPROAR ORBIT
N A S P R A
PICNIC RETAIL
P C E R A Z E
SOLO RELATION
R T A B U T
E O V E R B O A R D
A M I L Y P I
P R I M O N E R O U S T
P N G I S T Y
E L O P E D N O T I O N
A U A T L E R
A I S I E T H I R E A T

Solution No. 8748



Across

- 1 Teaching establishment (5)
- 4 Ally (5)
- 9 The Archbishop of Canterbury, officially (7)
- 10 Reject (5)
- 11 Finished (5)
- 12 White art (7)
- 13 Saturated (11)
- 18 Ancient Semitic language (7)
- 20 Pinfore (5)
- 22 Slacken (5)
- 23 Italian wine (7)
- 24 Obtain — safe (5)
- 25 Calm, placid (6)

Down

- 1 Cutlery — colour (5)
- 2 Clammy (5)
- 3 Late (7)
- 5 One getting up — s vertical pipe (5)
- 6 Difficult to pin down (7)
- 7 Ass (5)
- 8 Gets struck when playing badminton! (11)
- 14 Pale, sickly-looking (7)
- 15 Rock used in building (7)
- 16 The Bull (5)
- 17 Drives a vehicle (5)
- 19 Performer (5)

21 Scope (5)



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saturday

May 16 1998

Back to basic instincts

Is the final proof that we are nothing but animals to be found in the pores of a man's armpit? **Luke Harding** and **Tim Radford** go on the scent of an unlikely link between sophisticated come-ons and primal urges

The dark recess of the human armpit — an unlikely place for the final triumph of Darwinism. But it is here, so a new theory goes, that the enduring mystery of why men are attracted to women, and women to men, is explained. Explained, in fact, by a new kind of aftershave. What distinguishes Athena Pheromone 10X from other perfumes is that its outrageous basic claim — wear it and you are virtually guaranteed sex — comes with a veneer of scientific plausibility.

The additive, which you mix with your existing aftershave, is made from a synthetic version of human pheromones. Pheromones are odourless, naturally occurring secretions which can be found, among other places, lurking in the human armpit. They are also something of a mystery. In the animal world it is well-established that pheromones help certain species attract mates. (A pheromone released by the female Atlas moth, to indicate she is ready to mate, can be detected by a male moth more than five miles away.) Do they work in humans? Nobody is sure. A new study, however, suggests that they do, stunningly well.

Enter the matronly figure of Dr Winnifred Cutler PhD, an American biologist who co-discovered human pheromones in 1986 and went on to invent 10X. Cutler is convinced pheromones play a crucial role in the complex mechanism of human desire and behaviour. If a woman pounces on a man, Cutler believes, she may have been aroused by his pheromones, detected on a sub-conscious level through the nose.

Cutler recently ran a trial using 38 male, heterosexual volunteers. They were neither exceptionally ugly nor "unusually handsome". Her research concluded that men wearing aftershave containing the artificial pheromone had a much greater chance of having sexual intercourse or sharing a bed with a woman than those who did not. Almost three-quarters of the men who smeared themselves with 10X reported increased romantic interest from women during the trial.

"Human male pheromones caused a statistically significant and distinct increase in the two most intimate behaviours: sexual intercourse and sleeping with a woman," the report states.

This leads one to a depressing anti-humanist conclusion: that, despite our lofty rhetoric, humans are little more than glorified chimpanzees, especially when it comes to the bedroom. Indeed, in the century since Darwin, biologists have got used to observing humans as if they were animals. Behaviourists decided 50 years ago that young, male humans behaved very much like dogs: territorial, aggressive and very interested in mating.

Other zoologists began observing that great human phenomenon of love: it began to look very much like any other form of mamm-

alian mating, only more frequent.

Armed with this awareness, the biologists started looking at animals again. Creatures once supposed to mate monogamously for life — tits, budgerigars and other little birds — were discovered to be more like some Conservative MPs, ever in search of a bit on the side. Other scientists have been comparing troops of baboons, with observations of the health and status of Whitehall civil servants. Reinty alarmingly, they found the same pattern: the higher the perceived status of the individual, the better the health and life expectancy.

Where then does this leave us? Are we in fact little more than sophisticated versions of the Atlas moth? And do conversation, courtship, romance, and a good dinner at a nice restaurant count for little in comparison with the primal imperative of our armpits?

Mash, an ultra-trendy bar in the dense traffic jungle north of Soho in central London, seemed as good a place as any to put Cutler's extravagant claims to the test. The bar has its own micro-brewery, and makes a delicious beer which is the colour of fresh straw. More importantly, Mash boasts an attractive clientele of lissom young women. Would, then, Athena Pheromone 10X work?

In a mood of quiet expectancy, I mixed the additive with my regular aftershave, slapped it all over, and hopped into a cab. By the time I arrived, the bar was three-quarters full. I ordered a beer. Then I stood around, admiring the kitsch mural opposite, of young seventies hipsters dressed in over-the-top summer gear and loose wares.

Four feet away, three young women were engaged in conversation. Strangely, they failed to notice me. I waited a bit longer for the 10X to kick in. And a bit longer. After 40 minutes, I gave up. This, the manufacturers would claim, was because I had not been wearing 10X for several weeks. And besides, results are not guaranteed for every man.

At the Marquis of Granby pub nearby, the crowd was more drunken and had spilled out on to the pavement to enjoy another sweltering May evening. Chelsea were only minutes away from delivering the killer goal which would seal their victory over VfB Stuttgart in the European Cup-Winners' Cup. To my left, idling in the road, a group of young women were enjoying their second and third glasses of dry white wine. Had they noticed anything special about me, I ventured? No, it transpired, they had not.

Fiona and Nadia confirmed what Professor Chris Perrins, a distinguished zoologist at Oxford University, had pointed out earlier: that humans were unusual in the animal world in their acute

reliance on sight, rather than the sense of smell. "It's the shoes," Fiona said, when asked what attracted her to a man. "You can tell a lot about a man by his shoes. That and clean fingernails. Looks is 99 per cent of it, to be honest."

"A big, beautiful man in a pair of tight white shorts," Nadia added. "That's what does it for me."

All very... well, *human* desires you would have thought. Except that they can easily be explained, apparently, by Darwinian theories linking them to animal instincts. In the last few years Darwinian sages such as Edward O Wilson and Richard Dawkins have publicly argued that ultimately, Darwin's theory of evolution by the action of natural selection upon random mutation could explain all those things that were so far thought uniquely human — altruism, the religious urge, platonic love, even tight white shorts. The philosopher Daniel Dennett subsequently announced that Darwinism was "the best idea anyone ever had".

Recent books have used evolutionary theory to explain black holes, sport, play, culture, societies, the growth of cities and the success of this universe rather than others. It has also been used to explain language itself, and, as a corollary of this, the ability to write poetry. The animal nature of man has been used to explain infanticide, rape and coalition-building.

Most zoologists, however, shy away from drawing the ultimate Darwinian conclusion that when we commit crime, or vote for one particular party rather than another, or prefer Jeffrey Archer's novels to those of Melvyn Bragg, it is all down to animal passions. What humans do is a product not simply of "instinct" — whatever that is — but upbringing, peer pressure and received culture. Some things about human behaviour defy any one simple interpretation.

And so back to Cutler and her 10X pheromones. Are there really human pheromones that operate in the way insect pheromones do? At Cutler's Athena Institute of Biomedical Research, the answer appears to be yes. Here, a faint rustling can almost be heard in the corridors — the rustling of big money being made. In 1993, Cutler launched a synthetic pheromone additive for women, Athena 10:13, designed to enhance women's sexual attractiveness to men. Scientists took the pheromones from a healthy, sexually active woman in her mid-twenties. They then synthetically reproduced her pheromones in a laboratory, and put the creation into a rather boring bottle.

The results were a triumph for human credulity: \$1 million-worth of 10:13 sold in nine months, without any advertising. "It made my husband wild," Thelma from New Jersey gushed, in a testimonial posted on the Internet. "We were travelling to Florida for the winter in our 30ft motor page 14



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Farrakhan — false messiah or victim of a well-orchestrated campaign of Islamist propaganda?

PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY THUMMA

Should we lift the ban on Louis Farrakhan?

Yes

Peter Herbert
Lawyer

No

Shmuley Boteach
Rabbi

Dear Rabbi Boteach, In January 1986, only four months after the disturbances at Broadwater Farm, the then Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, issued a ban on the leader of the Nation of Islam, Minister Louis Farrakhan, from entering the UK. It was believed that his statements gave "reasonable cause to believe that if he came to the UK, he would be likely to cause racial disharmony and possibly commit the offence of inciting racial hatred".

Without the presence of Minister Farrakhan, racial harmony has proved an elusive concept for many African, Caribbean and Asian people. No African-American firebrand caused the murder of Stephen Lawrence, Rohit Dugal, Ruhallah Azzam, Rolan Adams, the unlawful killing of Oliver Pryce and Shifil Lapite. These acts were the work of home-grown racism.

Since 1986 the exclusion order has been maintained on the basis that his presence in the UK would not be conducive to the "public good". The MP Bernie Grant and the Society of Black Lawyers decided last October to challenge the ban and to ask for whose "public" and for whose "good" it has been maintained. It is time for the black community to hear for ourselves what we are supposed to fear.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Herbert
The Society of Black Lawyers

Dear Peter Herbert, As head of a Jewish organisation which had an African-American president for a year, I am entirely sympathetic to your goal of achieving racial equality in Britain and ending the appalling outrages you describe. But Louis Farrakhan is a false messiah.

The great social advances made by African-Americans in the US were achieved under a giant of love and tolerance named Martin Luther King, not a racist bigot like Louis Farrakhan, who substitutes hatred of the black race for hatred of the Jewish race, as well as homosexuals and welfare mothers. His anti-Semitic speeches are legendary, labelling Judaism a "rotten religion", describing Jews as

"bloodsuckers", calling Israel an "outlaw state" and describing Hitler as "a very great man". In April, Farrakhan blamed Catholics for racial attacks in Connecticut, claiming that Catholicism "has been by white people, for white people to subject black people to a white kind of theology that strips us of ourselves". His disciples have called the Pope an "anti-Christ".

A flyer promoting a speech by Farrakhan described the speaker as "The White Man's Worst Nightmare"; it advertised tickets as \$7 for students, and \$15 for "Zionists, Uncle Toms and other white supremacists".

In 1996, Farrakhan told Libya's Gaddafi — who pledged \$1 billion to Farrakhan's political activities — that God would "destroy" America, "the nation of Satan" and likened the plight of the Iraqi people to what Jews endured in Nazi death camps.

Allowing Farrakhan to incite racial hatred in Britain is the last thing we need.

Yours sincerely,
Rabbi Shmuley Boteach
I Chaim Society

Dear Shmuley, Minister Farrakhan has been subjected to a well-orchestrated campaign of lies and Islamist propaganda from the US media. He was targeted to discredit his associate, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, in his 1980s bid for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Many of the comments attributed to the minister are newspaper headlines which bear little or no relation to what he actually says. No religion or nation state is above criticism nor should it be. The State of Israel has sought to inflict the suffering of its own birth on the occupied territories in the name of freedom, while ignoring UN resolutions and the terms of the Oslo accord. To that extent, the State of Israel is acting in breach of international law.

The Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, learnt that any critic of Israel is likely to be labelled an anti-Semite when he visited the Har Homa settlement on the West Bank.

Minister Farrakhan recently visited Canada and Australia (where

he met the Home Secretary) as well as much of the Caribbean and Africa. Many of those jurisdictions have similar race hate and immigration laws to the UK and yet he has not been banned from any other country in the world, not even Israel. Has the UK such a fragile state of race relations that we would fall on our swords if he arrives? I think not. As the song says, he ain't heavy, he's my brother.

Yours sincerely,
Peter

Dear Peter, The Nation of Islam does not hide its prejudices. Its founder, Rasid Muhammad, taught that the white race was produced thousands of years ago in a failed laboratory experiment by an evil wizard named Yacub.

There are scores of recent anti-Semitic Farrakhan outbursts such as his statement on March 19, 1995, that during the Holocaust, "Little Jews died while big Jews made money. Little Jews [were] being turned into soap while big Jews washed themselves with it".

How would you feel about publications suggesting that the enslavement of blacks was due to a genetic inferiority, rather than a crime against humanity?

But why not at least decry Farrakhan's crimes against blacks? He recently appointed Muhammad Abdul Aziz, one of the men convicted of assassinating Malcolm X, to lead his Harlem temple. Indeed, Malcolm X's widow, Betty Shabazz, maintained that Farrakhan had played a role in her husband's death and "wore it as a badge of honour". Farrakhan had earlier acknowledged he "helped create the atmosphere" that encouraged Malcolm X's killers.

The State of Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East, and Arab legislators are elected to the Knesset. Don't preach to me about Israel's breach of the Oslo accords when 300 Israeli civilians have since been killed by Palestinian bombs and the PLO has yet to amend its charter calling for Israel's destruction.

But hatred for Israel is par for the course for a supporter of Farrakhan, a man whose recent 27-day world tour took him to no less than five countries described by the US as government sponsors of terrorism: Libya, Iran, Iraq, Sudan, and Syria.

Yours sincerely,
Shmuley

Dear Shmuley, Islamophobia continues to be a feature of the US political scene. One does not have to condone anti-Semitism or intolerance to argue the ban on Minister Farrakhan should be lifted. The black

community has a right to decide for itself who it shall hear in what manner and at what time.

The Nation of Islam has been a force for positive action within the African-American community; opposing criminality and drug abuse while promoting the nuclear black family. The Million Man March was the largest and most peaceful demonstration in the history of the US, bringing together African-Americans, Christians, Jews, Muslims and atheists.

The ban is both unreasonable and unlawful because there has not been a fair and consistent application of the law. This government has not sought to ban the racist Jean-Marie Le Pen, nor any other fascist leader from Europe. Similarly no leader of the PLO, Hamas or any member of the governments cited as sponsors of state terrorism have ever been treated this way.

It is evident that if Mr Farrakhan were white and Christian there would be no ban — it is therefore a clear example of paternalistic British racism. When meeting president Nelson Mandela in January 1996, Minister Farrakhan summed up his own views when he said: "We will find that the worst enemy of man and mankind is neither black or white, Christian, Jew or Muslim. The worst enemy of all is ignorance."

Yours in the struggle,
Peter

Dear Peter, Racial equality is not a solitary struggle, but rather one which requires the combined energies of all who suffer its pernicious effects. Your desire to bolster the black struggle at the expense of Jew-hatred and homosexual-bashing is troubling.

Democracy is a fragile thing which must always be protected. A totally open society, in which any form of incitement is justified in the name of free speech, is the liberalism of fools. Remember, Hitler was elected by democratic means.

Minister Farrakhan's disciples have served as relentless agitators who have largely undermined black/white relations at American university campuses. We cannot allow this to happen in Britain. A just society harbours zero tolerance for intolerance.

Any benefits Nation of Islam may have brought to black society are quashed by the unforgivable crime of inciting innocent African-American youth to racism.

I take your well-made point about racism of Farrakhan's ilk like Le Pen. They too should be banned from entering a country justly renowned for decency and fair play. Goodbye my brother, Shmuley

Smallweed



IN AN ELEGANT 17th century ruin a mile or two out of Heckmondwike, a shameless demi-mondaine was interwining... A pedant writes: Might I perhaps prevail on you to abandon this line of argument and do me the honour of replying to the reasoned defence of pedantry which appeared in this space last week while Smallweed was disporting himself on overseas territory?

Smallweed responds with delightful old-world courtesy: Why, certainly, and of course. I read what you wrote with interest. It seems to me that pedantry is defined by Hazlitt and Auden as a petty, nit-picking about art, literature, music — everything, indeed, which, if pursued in exuberant freedom, makes these lives of ours worth living. My advice to you in this festive season is this: pick fewer nits, my friend.

A nit writes: I wholly endorse this sensible, public-spirited and long overdue advice.

AS I WAS saying: there is jubilation at the east end of Essex over the confir-

mation that Manningtree, on the estuary of the Stour, is the smallest town in the land. It is said to have beaten off Downwood and Bache, neither of which I had ever heard of, by having the fewest hectares — only 19.13 to their 37 and 38. And it only has 711 residents. In a sense this is all a bit spurious, since to a man from Mars, or even a man from Wimbledon, Manningtree is clearly part of a trinity with its adjuncts, Mistley, which is also, I'm told, a good-looking place, and Lawford, which isn't.

Never mind: having sat on a sunny morning by the strand where the boats are moored, and walked up gracious South Street to the Methodist church with the cupola at the top, I will not hear a word against Manningtree. It's entirely delightful. It is also, quite indisputably, a town, not a village. Its claim to township appears to have turned on proof that Manningtree had been chartered some 700 years ago to hold a market. But to Smallweed there's an even more telling proof: its townishness. You can often find townishness in villages, of course. Hurstpierpoint in Sussex is a village, but walk up its handsome main street and you'll taste its townishness. Remarkably in these times, Manningtree has a Crown Post Office, too, which even Wimbledon hasn't. That, I imagine, clinches it.

AH, THE steamroller of time! May it be half way through its course, even in Manningtree: high summer looms, with the thracks of leather on willow and of Fleet Street on England captains, the wind and wear of strawberries at Wimbledon, preponderant Fimm's on the Westminster terrace and granite-faced August harking around the corner. And still Smallweed makes scant progress on his project for the year: which was, you may just remember, to introduce readers

to people everyone seems to know about but I don't, or to make it an acronym as we're always expected to do nowa-days. Peshabids. Though I have not yet despaired of getting round to Gérard de Nerval — more properly, as you know, Gérard Labrunie — first in the queue this morning must be Count Alessandro di Cagliostro more properly Giuseppe Balsamo (1743-95) the Italian adventurer. It probably said "adventurer" on his passport.

Cagliostro was, as it tends to say in law court reports, a "be styled" count, not a real one, who marketed an elixir of youth which wasn't real either. In 1785, according to Chambers Biographical Dictionary, he was involved with the Comtesse de Motte and Cardinal Rohan-Guéméné in the Affair of the Diamond Necklace (you'll remember that, of course: who it might have been only yesterday). He was subsequently arrested for "peddling freemasonry" — not an offence I had come across before; whereas after he died in prison. I invite readers to note that the entire course of this pen portrait I have at no point pretended to think that with a name like Cagliostro, he must be a Chelsea midfielder. In Smallweed's view, such jokes are very last year.

An annualist writes: Very year before last, I'd say. Concerned (Clermont-Ferrand) adds: Could your reverence please be so kind as to refresh our memories about the Comtesse de la Motte and Cardinal Rohan-Guéméné? Smallweed warily ripostes: No, I jolly well couldn't.

STAKEHOLDER (Davenport) writes: I am sure, I am not alone in wondering what happened to the shameless demi-mondaine. Smallweed sternly ordains: Glad to hear you lot are still with us. But you'll have to wait till next week.

The Readers' Editor on... creeping Americanisms

Don't think of it as art

Ian Mayes
Open door



CAN YOU read the Guardian without tripping over Americanisms? Do you care if you do — you may actually like them? I only ask because earlier this week I had a letter from a reader who said that if we did not stop dropping the definite article before titles like prime minister he would have to drop the Guardian.

He did not wish to read about "Prime Minister Tony Blair" — or worse, to read about something that someone "told Prime Minister Blair" — but he did mind reading about "the Prime Minister, Tony Blair". He wanted some reassurance, not only that we chose our words carefully but that when we abandoned them we did it with equal care.

Does the absence of the definite article amount to an Americanism? I think it often does: *Prime Minister Blair*, as in *President Clinton*. There, I suspect, lies the attraction. But whether it does or does not, we do condemn or condone it? I checked the response to this absent article with a few people around the office and it was condemned in varying degree by most of them. Yet there it is, clearly every day: an adopted device that helps to keep the language we use in the newspaper away from the language that the average reader would use, or indeed the language that we would use ourselves when

speaking or writing to a friend. Nevertheless we subscribe to a common delusion that it is demotic.

One colleague suggested that the main reason for dropping the definite article, at least at the beginning of reports, was the old newspaper anxiety to avoid starting every story in the paper with it. The cure, however, is sometimes worse than the disease, producing what the same colleague called, "the abominable habit of using nouns as adjectives before people's names". Here are two examples from a recent issue: ULSTER Unionist leader David Trimble faces the loss; CONVICTED child killer Sidney Cooke.

Another reason, my colleague argues, is the unquestioning continuation of a habit that he believes started before the second world war when it was necessary to save overseas telegraph costs. If you left out the word often enough you saved a lot of money. The habit, he suggests, survived the period of wartime newspaper rationing (when the absent saved space) to become accepted style in first the tabloids and then the broadsheets — accepted up to a point, that is.

I am not sure what to say about all this. Open a newspaper and you may see language in a state of struggle and flux. We are meant to exercise an intelligent control over it. Coincidentally with the arrival of the letter pleading for the return of the *the* I noticed a couple of other things which jarred badly. One was a reference in an article about Rome, in our Saturday Travel section, to the city's "main shopping drag". The other was a reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury in last week's profile of him in this section, as Rev Carey (no definite article, no friendly George).

The writer of the Rome piece insists that the word "drag", in the sense in which she used it, is in her

normal spoken vocabulary (although her mother, she said, hated it). The Concise Oxford Dictionary describes it as US slang for street or road as in "the main drag". The New Shorter OED describes it simply as slang dating from the mid-19th century. Why would a literate British writer introduce it into a description of Rome?

The Archbishop's truncated title is either an Americanism — "let's put our hands together for Reverend Carey" — giving him a touch of the Southern Baptist, or the product of an mistaken idea that Rev exists as an acceptable British form, or (most likely here) a glitch in the writing or editing. In the context in which the reference occurs, the vicar, as he was then, should have been called Dr Carey.

We frequently get these things wrong even though there is clear, up-to-date guidance in a chapter in Crookford's Clerical Dictionary 1998/99, called *How to address the clergy*. Incidentally, it tells us that Reverend, Right Reverend, Very Reverend, Most Reverend, and Venerable, whether abbreviated or not, should always be preceded by the definite article.

This does not play well to an audience of Guardian journalists, who tend to be snuffy about titles in any form and to mumble political objections as an excuse — a justification almost — for getting them wrong. Scandalous.

We may aspire to accuracy and elegance, but this is after all a newspaper and we are after all journalists. I'll borrow — quite out of context — the words of an admired American, James Agee: "Above all else: in God's name don't think of it as Art".

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 238 9588 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 238 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

Back to basic instincts

4 page 13 home. We have now nicknamed it the Love Shack.

"What a difference," Jan, another happy customer from Arizona, trilled. "The men have been flying around me like bees to a honeypot."

Two years later, Cutler returned to the marketing fray with Athena Phormone 10X for men. Its unashamed purpose was "to increase the romantic attention you receive from women". The scientists went back to the armpit. This time the armpit of a fit, sexually vigorous young man in his middle twenties.

"My wife does things she would never have done before," Sammy, a happy 10X customer from Taiwan, declared. "We are talking about science here, not fantasy," Cutler insists. But is she?

What motivates Cutler is not money (though 10X seems likely to generate lots of it), rather a variety of what could be described as old-fashioned hedonistic feminism. "My research has consistently focused on what behaviour women can engage in to increase their power, well-being, vitality and sexual pleasure," she says.

Others, though, question both her methodology and her conclusions. The 10X trial was carried out with researchers from the department of health and nutrition science at Brooklyn College, New York, and the department of psychology at San Francisco State University. Volunteers — aged 25 to 42 — were carefully screened to make sure they possessed adequate social skills. Over an eight-week period they were asked to document their sexual experiences — categorising them in six specific levels: affectionate behaviour or kissing; formal, pre-arranged dates; informal, spontaneous dates; sleeping next to a romantic partner; sexual intercourse; and



masturbation. Researchers secretly gave 17 of the men after-shave mixed with 10X. The other 21 men formed a placebo group and were given unadulterated aftershave. The report has been greeted with some scoffing in academic quarters. "I'm very sceptical," Dr Luca Turin, a bio-physicist at University College, London, says. "I find it very hard to believe. Human behaviour is very complex."

And yet little bits of evidence keep popping up all the same.



Even in the murky field of pheromones, there is evidence which looks like a mechanism for the survival of the species. In March, scientists in Chicago found the first solid proof that humans can communicate by pheromones. They demonstrated that odourless scents from one woman can influence the menstrual cycle of another, explaining the phenomenon of menstrual synchronicity, when women who live together find their cycles will coincide.



Other academics dismiss Cutler's findings as old hat. "It was done some years ago," says Dr Helena Cronin of the London School of Economics and one of Britain's leading Darwinians. "Women were given sweaty T-shirts that men had worn for a few days, and were asked to choose those they found the most attractive. There wasn't a single most attractive one. What individual women chose as the most attractive was, interestingly, the one that

came from the men whose immune system was most different from their own. So they were choosing a man least like themselves, with respect to immune system."

The point, Darwinians would say, is that the women showed an innate preference for a partner whose genes would, when mixed with their own, endow any future children with better survival equipment. There have been other experiments. Women given choices of soaked T-shirts have also tended to select not just those worn by males, but to then discriminate in favour of those from bigger, stronger or fitter males.

Earlier philosophers used to evoke the divine origins of man to explain the check humans seem to keep on their "lower" or animal nature. Post-Darwinian believers would still evoke God as an explanation for the obvious difference between humans and chimpanzees. Chimpanzee researchers are not so sure that humans are very different: they have detected political parties, altruism, adultery

and conversation in groups of chimpanzees. Altruism suddenly is not seen as a virtue: rather as a piece of useful you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours machinery.

So are we merely animals? The answer appears to be no. Even the most triumphant Darwinian concedes that there are probably questions that cannot be satisfactorily answered by the scientific method alone. A furious debate continues to rage as to how much of human behaviour evolutionary theory can neatly explain, a debate that perhaps will never be comfortably concluded.

Back at the Marquis of Granby, I try another blind test with two young women, whom I bump into on the pavement. I am still wearing the aftershave, but my colleague is not. Which one of us do you find the most devastatingly attractive. I ask meekly. We stand awkwardly in line.

"Tim," they reply, pointing at my colleague, as I make a mental note to myself to buy a new pair of shoes.



Homeward bound — emaciated Allied prisoners of war pack their belongings after being freed from a camp on Yokohama in September 1945

It's so hard to say you're sorry

As the row over Japan's treatment of POWs rumbles on, **Timothy Garton Ash** asks how we can forgive the sins of the past

Because the Queen will honour Emperor Akihito of Japan with the Order of the Garter, former prisoners of war propose to turn their backs on him and whistle Colonel Bogey as he rides down the Mall on May 26. This, with its mixture of Gilbert & Sullivan and the bitter memory of true horrors, is a peculiarly British version of a problem that plagues countries all over the world. That problem is: how best to deal with a difficult past, with memories of war, torture and repression. Forgive and forget? Remember and atone? Or something in between?

These days most people would start by saying, "well, of course we must remember". And someone will surely quote the philosopher George Santayana's famous remark that those who forget the past are condemned to repeat it. It's worth recalling that for much of recorded history the answer usually given was the precise opposite. Just a few days after the murder of Caesar, Cicero called for the memory of that terrible event to be consigned to eternal oblivion: *oblivione*

sempiterna delenda. European peace treaties, from one between Ludwig of Germany, Charles of France and Lothar of Lotharingia in 853 to the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, solemnly required an act of forgetting between former enemies. In fact the whole idea that nations should systematically and publicly face up to their difficult pasts has only become commonplace since 1945. The pioneer was Germany after Nazism. The Germans were confronted with incontrovertible evidence of the unique horror of the Holocaust. They were compelled to face up to it by the victorious allies (among them the Soviet Union, busy concealing evidence of its own crimes at home). The tortured conscience of modern German protestantism also played a major part. As a result, post-war West German leaders have repeatedly apologised in public, paid compensation — although not to everyone: some East European "slave labourers" are still waiting — and, at least since the 1960s, made sure their own people knew all about the past horrors. The contrast with Japan is obvious. British

tabloids may still revive memories of the war against Hitler for football matches, but no one would think of protesting were the Queen to place the Order of the Garter round the neck — or is it thigh? — of President Herzog of Germany. Partly, of course, the difference is because British prisoners-of-war and civilian internees did not suffer as badly at the hands of the Germans as they did in Japanese camps. But even the Poles, who suffered terribly under German occupation, would probably not object to a comparable honour being given to the German head of state. Indeed, the classic example of an effective gesture of atonement — and altogether, one of the great symbolic moments of our times — comes from the relationship between Germany and Poland. On a grey December morning in 1970, visiting Warsaw to sign a treaty opening a new chapter in relations between the two countries, Chancellor Willy Brandt fell to his knees before a monument to those who died in the Warsaw ghetto rising, "I simply did," Brandt wrote in his

memoirs, "what people do when words fail them." The gesture was so effective because it plainly came from the heart, but also for two deeper reasons. First, the timing was perfect: it came at a moment when the two countries were clearly starting afresh. The trouble with some of the more recent public apologies — like Tony Blair's apology for Britain's part in the Irish potato famine, or Bill Clinton's apology to Africa for the slave trade — is that they immediately invite the question "why now?" Why not 50 years ago, or 10 years ago, or 10 years hence? That would also be the trouble with any more far-reaching apology by the Emperor of Japan — assuming that he were prepared to risk the fury of the nationalist right, as Brandt did, and as he himself has done in making a partial apology to the Chinese victims of Japanese occupation. Second, Brandt's gesture was perfect because it was silent. The trouble with any verbalised apology is that a complicated history is impossible to summarise in a few words. Like the Japanese prime minister's letter of apology earlier this year, it will go too far for some, and not far enough for others. So the perfect gesture is the silent one. If the public atonement is forthcoming, what is the victims' part? Are they not then called upon to offer forgiveness? Forgiveness, leading to reconciliation. This is, of course, the classic Christian prescription.

In fact, several years before Brandt fell to his knees, the Polish Catholic bishops had written an extraordinary letter to their German counterparts saying "we forgive you, and ask for forgiveness". Last year, I spent several weeks in South Africa following the Truth Commission around the country, and watched Archbishop Tutu preach exactly this message of forgiveness and reconciliation. More recently, he very publicly brought the mother of the murdered Stompie to embrace Winnie Mandela, despite her compelling evidence had been brought of Winnie's involvement in the murder. But some of the victims and their relatives in the townships said to me: "We don't like this. Only we have the right to forgive, and we're not yet ready to". I felt they must be right. "Do not forgive," writes the great Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert. *Do not forgive, for truly it is not in your power to forgive. In the name of those who were betrayed at dawn.* There's an important asymmetry here. Political and spiritual leaders can apologise on behalf of their nations for misdeeds in which they themselves had no part. But no one, not an Archbishop, not a prime minister, not even a Queen, has the right to forgive on behalf of those who suffered. Only the victims have the right to forgive. Some, like the old British soldier who died this week having spent his last years

living near the bridge on the river Kwai, will find it in their hearts. Others never will. Where does this leave us? No two cases are quite the same. But a few things can be said, with an eye not just to Britain and Japan but also to Northern Ireland. First, we need to know exactly what happened. Truth commissions, good history written from open archives, mean that at least the old guard — whether whites in South Africa, old Nazis in Germany, the military in Argentina or ex-communists in Russia — cannot simply deny these things happened. Getting the historical dirt out now also helps to ensure that a country's politics will not be haunted for decades by unsolved mysteries, conspiracy theories, skeletons in presidential cupboards: everything that in France has been labelled the Vichy Syndrome. Apologies, symbolic gestures of atonement and material compensation to victims or their relatives, are important too, but timing and context are crucial. If they are done, they best be done quickly. And the process needs to have a finite term. For the object is what in the jargon of comparative post-healing (something of a growth industry) is called "closure". The whole point is that people should then be able to move on, with this chapter behind them. Not that people can, or should, quickly forget. Historical memories are long. The Scottish mother still says to her children "worse things happened on the field of Culloden". Americans and Mexicans still remember the Alamo. Not that victims can, let alone must, necessarily forgive. That is not for us to demand. Nor should we expect some consummate "reconciliation" to follow in a few weeks, months, or even years. The timetable of reconciliation is measured in generations. Perhaps one reason Gorbachev was able to accept the unification of Germany was that he was the first post-war Soviet leader not to have direct, adult experience of fighting Germany. What one can hope to achieve in years rather than decades is that the ghosts of the past no longer bedevil the domestic politics and foreign relations of states. As for the peoples of those states, they will go on living, as we all do, in an ever-changing brew of fact and myth, memory and forgetting — but with the forgetting slowly gaining the upper hand. "What is a nation?" asked the great French historian Ernest Renan, and answered that it is a mixture of shared memory and shared forgetting. True of nations, true of the relations between them.

Timothy Garton Ash is the author of *The File: A Personal History*.

The \$20m question

Film stars are overpaid. Who says so? A film star. **Dan Glaister** reports

What's in a number? Quite a lot, according to Winona Ryder. The actress took advantage this week of her status as a Cannes Festival juror to attack pay rates in the film industry. But this was no ordinary plea for more. Ryder took the opposite course, demanding less. The fees paid to the biggest stars, she said, were outrageous. For the price of, say, one John Travolta vehicle, you could make 25 films: "I'd hate to see my picture on the cover of a magazine with the words 'Is she

worth it?' underneath." Brave words, or foolish, some might say. Jury president Martin Scorsese was more guarded, but he did agree that "some people are never satisfied". Films can still combine art and profit, he insisted. "Films are also business but they cannot be business if there is no art." Is he right? Stars' salaries have taken off into another galaxy, dragging film budgets along with them. The highest-paid star of our time? Step forward Leonardo DiCaprio, yours for a mere \$25 million. Bunched behind Leo are the pack

of the A-list: Tom Hanks, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mel Gibson, Sylvester Stallone and Tom Cruise, all command \$20 million merely to step out of the trailer. But before you shed a tear for the poor boys, spare a thought for the girls. With a mere \$12.5 million for *Striptease*, Demi Moore has good reason to feel aggrieved. Moore is out there on top with Julia Roberts, leaving the rest of the pack far behind. Sharon Stone, who appeared in Scorsese's own *Casino*, can muster just \$6.7 million. And Ryder is reported to be a \$5 million girl, although she is prepared to take a cut: her latest project, a film about murdered Irish journalist Veronica Guerin has a budget of just \$9 million. Although Scorsese refused to join Ryder's criticisms of her fellow thespians' pay rate, he did suggest a way out of the morass of telephone-number wages. "If a project is interesting enough, actors are prepared to take a salary cut," he said. Ah yes, the Travolta option. "Doing a Travolta," as the industry dubs it, is either a bid to return to the integrity of your artistic roots, or a ploy to up your pay, depending on your degree of cynicism.



Ryder has her claws out for the likes of Travolta and huge paydays



Travolta, for those who haven't been paying attention to the ups and downs of popular culture, dropped from being a strutting superstar to the dork in *Look Who's Talking* and others as bad and less successful. As the audience stopped going to his films, the bucks started to dry up. This was noticed by the enterprising director Quentin Tarantino. He sensed Travolta's unease and snapped him up for a pittance to appear in his epic, *Pulp Fiction*. The rest is Hollywood folklore: Travolta regained self-respect and public acclaim. Just as

importantly, as a newly hip cult icon, Travolta became bankable again. His earnings, now at an average of around \$20 million, are higher than ever. His scientology e-metre tells him he is very happy, very fulfilled and very rich. Another star to have done a Travolta is Stallone, who lowered his \$20 billion price tag and increased his waistline to do a turn in *Copland*. Stallone worked for the US equity rate of \$1,800 a week; the exercise did not turn him into Travolta. The poor man had to trudge dejectedly back to the misery of his \$20 million day job. Tarantino, however, does not approve. It's disgusting that people like Travolta should get \$20 million a film, he said recently. It was, he suggested, destroying movies, a view echoed by Scorsese, who says: "There's a danger that the industry, but not the artistry, will explode." Which is where, perhaps, someone is at last talking sense. The film industry is just that, an industry, part of the leisure business, along with music, theme parks, pornography and the rest of the leisure jungle. Like any other modern business it is multi-national, owned by anonymous corporations with little notion of art but a high awareness of profit. The big players today are Sony, Seagram and suchlike, who are happy dealing with any product that is profitable. If at the moment their fascination is with film, it is not because of any enchantment with going to the movies. It is merely that they provide a great platform for selling soft toys, burgers, clothing, CDs and all the other paraphernalia of a co-ordinated leisure strategy. And big stars receiving big payments are just part of that package. So the

industry explodes, who cares? People will still make films. And one lesson the example of the high earners teaches is that of the inverse ratio between price and performance, not to mention quality. It could be dubbed Travolta's law. Ignoring the likes of Mary Reilly, the disastrous Julia Roberts film that earned her, if not the studio, a pretty penny, or Moore's \$12 million for the execrable *Striptease*, Travolta is finding he is becoming caught once again. The more he is paid, it seems, the more lukewarm is his public. For although he commands \$20 million a turn, his reputation is becoming slightly tarnished. His last effort, *Primary Colors*, has under-performed at the box office, earning just \$40 million since its release two months ago. The vehicle before that, *Mad City*, also disappointed. For Travolta, a lot is riding on his next film, *A Civil Action*, due to open in the US on Christmas Day. If that too flops, he could find himself having to drop his price and interact with the art set once more. For once, less truly is more.

books

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the first great modern biography. **Andrew O'Hagan** brings together three of today's best literary biographers to discuss this towering work and the genre it inspired

The Laird of Life

The most important day in the careers of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson happened 235 years ago today. It was the moment they met each other. This difficult encounter in a Covent Garden bookshop was the beginning of a deep and very British union. And like the best unions, it was made of the purest antipathy, transfigured with growing love. Here's how Boswell records the meeting in his *Journal*, 16 May 1763: "... I drank tea at Davies's in Russell Street, and about seven came in the great Samuel Johnson, whom I have so long wished to see. Mr Davies introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy to the Scots, I cried to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.' However, he said, 'From Scotland.' 'Mr Johnson,' said I, 'indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.'"

Boswell had all the hero-worshipping talent described by Thomas Carlyle, that other protean Scot. But he made better use of it than anyone else, subverting the hagiographers, and pushing for realism, emotional depth, in his great book, a superior account of a life well lived. Boswell's *Johnson* is the true beginning of modern biography. The book's originality is easy to see, yet its power is somehow mysterious. Boswell writes in a tremendous spirit of high reverence, lighting on his hero's brilliance, extolling his virtues, inferring genius, and recording the talk of the man at his best, as well as his worst. He shows us the shape, the expanse, of Johnson's mind, and reveals the linaments of his subject's moral character. And yet this is only part of what we see. Boswell's book is modern in the way it develops incident and drama —

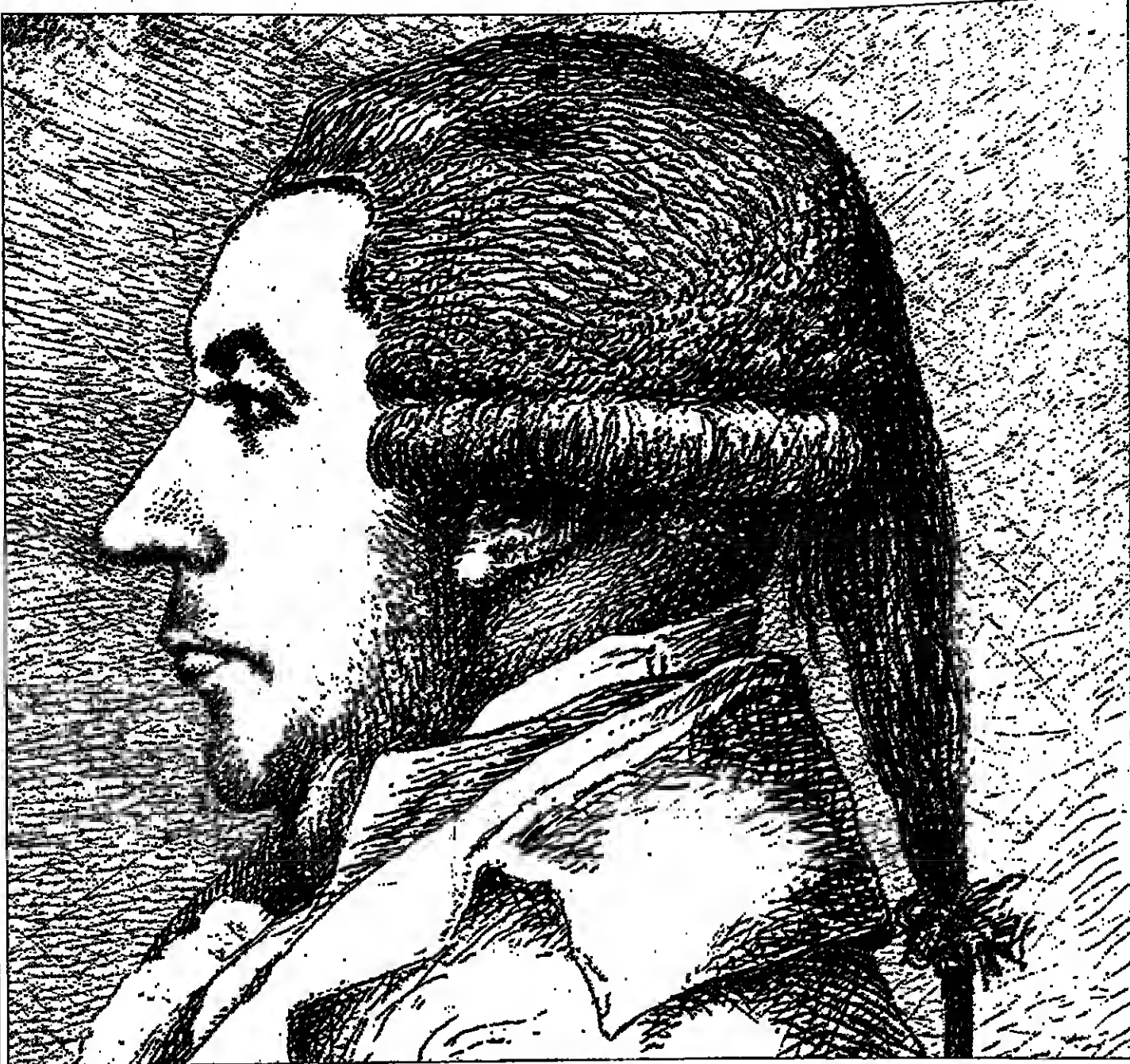
the way it uses dialogue — to show us more of Johnson, and then more of Boswell too. We get to hear Johnson's pomposity, see him ripping up oranges, glugging wine, the veins on his forehead standing out. We witness small acts of kindness on his part; we are beside him when he's beside himself, gloomy-headed, sinking in the melancholy stew.

Best of all, we get to see Johnson through his times, through his friends. Boswell takes us into dining rooms and coffee-houses. We see the lick of the fire in the eyes of those gathered. We see the shiny buttons on their coats. Johnson's great companions: Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, with their luminous talk, and Boswell himself, scribbling in the corner, often a little the worse for wine.

The 18th century was happy to point up Boswell's many faults — Macaulay called him "one of the smallest men that ever lived" — and yet he wrote himself, and Dr Johnson, his unlikely big friend, into the most unforgettable existence. His *Life* keeps them both at the high-point of British letters. It's a question worth asking: would people still read Johnson if Boswell hadn't realised him, and realised him in colours more various than Johnson ever managed himself?

Boswell's *Life* has never stopped being imitated. It is a chuckling shadow behind Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott*; it looms large in Mrs Gaskell's *Leon Edel*, and his love of Henry James, and Lytton Strachey, and his eminent Victorians. Boswell's book was an exquisite example, an unreachable peach in the high tree of telling. But does the *Life of Johnson* have anything to say to our time? Do contemporary biographers still care for the candle-light flutterings, the literary methods, of James Boswell, the Laird of Auchinleck?

Andrew O'Hagan



James Boswell ... his *Life of Samuel Johnson* is the beginning of modern biography

'A biographer is a novelist under oath'

Andrew Motion: In some ways Boswell's is an absolutely appalling biography. Before he meets Johnson, Boswell is dead on his feet. They meet in the bookshop and the thing suddenly leaps to life. But he has no organising talent at all. He is an extraordinary observer, and participant, and he brings particular episodes most wonderfully to life, but they are not connected. They are just wonderful observational spectacles — relivings of things, really. And that is what he is: a great Journalist. **Victoria Glendinning:** He's a gossip columnist. **Michael Holroyd:** Boswell was always in search of a strong character — Rousseau, Voltaire, and then Johnson — and he would goad Johnson into saying things, asking him ridiculous questions ("What would you do if you were in a castle with a new-born child?" "Why is an apple a different shape to a pear?"). He provoked Johnson to become almost a caricature of one side of himself. He made him into more of a John Bull figure, an oracle.

AM: The *Life of Johnson* is a very odd mixture of being an insider's thing, and an outsider's. The way you say Boswell "goes" Johnson to perform — that's outsider work for me, but it seems to elicit a sort of insiderish complicity, an intimacy. Biographers are invariably writing about people they never knew, or people who are dead, and trying to combine a proper sense of immediacy with an equally proper sense of objectivity. This "goaded" of Boswell's might be understood as a form of interference with the sub-

ject, but at the same time, of course, it releases the subject. It's a complicated business — sometimes it's perfectly OK, sometimes dodgy. **VG:** Yes. The task is to create something that's not there. You can't bring the voice back. Someone like Jonathan Swift, my new subject, you can't offer his voice. I think Boswell must have had a kind of photographic memory, a mind like an actor. Boswell interposes his own body a lot. And I think biography has become more and more like that. **AM:** Yes. I think we should be careful about that. Well, just to speak for myself: I feel when I'm writing an orthodox kind of biography that I want to give an account of another life, without filtering it through my own in any very obvious or disruptive way. I mean, I know I can never be — I don't want to be — completely objective. But at the same time I don't want to jam the readers' radars with stuff about myself. And I most certainly don't want to come to the front of the page and wag my finger about moral questions. I want to give the facts, all the facts, and let readers make their own decisions. It's a high ideal, but there we are. **VG:** But that's the trouble. I think it's more honest to come clean. I used to think, keep the "I" out of it. Give yourself up to this person. But that's what you're doing, giving yourself, and it would be slightly dishonest to pretend you weren't there. Trollope was simpler because whatever was on his mind went straight into his novels. He was worrying about his will, and worry-

ing about what he should leave his niece, you'd get a whole novel about what a man will leave his niece. You get close to him biographically through the work. Swift is more difficult, a paradox. All you can say is "It seems to me that..." And although it might seem egotistical to do what Boswell did — putting yourself right in the middle of the picture — in fact I think it is the thing of humility. It's saying "it seems to me..." **AM:** But some modern writers do spend an awful lot of time drawing attention to themselves. Ackroyd in his Dickens book, for instance. I don't want to be simplistic about this, but I did finish the Dickens book thinking: I didn't buy this book to read about Peter Ackroyd. I wanted to find out about Dickens. I just thought the balance was wrong in it — the balance between admitted subjectivity, and an objectivity we all know can never be absolute.

MM: But even if you are not working in an intensely personal way, you are writing from a different time. If you're writing about Keats, he comes out differently now. Perhaps a little more political. **AM:** But that doesn't mean telling the reader you're a member of the Labour Party. My real motive in writing about Keats was to ask myself why those bad reviews that Keats got were critical in the way that they were. And I found they were reviews that had to do with the reviewers being antagonistic towards his politics. I don't think I was imposing an idea of my modern self so much as excavating what was there all the time. Things that had been suppressed. **MM:** I never investigate what the subject has to do with me. What is unconscious should not become self-conscious in that way. If it does so, the whole thing crumbles. It doesn't come out right. I work by

instinct. And I think in a way that Boswell did this with Johnson — what he does by duty is dull on the page; what he does by instinct comes alive. **VG:** Boswell could have written a completely different book with all the things Johnson said that he didn't put in. And what I really think is interesting about biography — especially if you're writing about someone who's been written about before — is that you're looking at the same letters, the same manuscripts, but suddenly your eye sort of yellow-highlights on a letter or something which, for another biographer, could just be passed over. You vary. And sometimes I have written a paragraph about Swift or about Vita Sackville-West and I would think — this is insight, this is the mid-night knowledge. And in the morning when I read it I think I wasn't writing about them at all. I

was writing about me. And you put a line through it. **MM:** As biographers, the three of us have been reaching across time to try to touch, and form intimacy with, people we have never known. It's like science fiction. And the why of it? The why is a can of worms. **AM:** I don't know. There are certain poets, certain writers that I like, especially poets, to whom I want to send a long love-letter. **VG:** Carlyle said that history is the story of great men. And I think something that we've actually rather lost in the late 20th century is the concept of great men. It might be a very good thing. **MM:** Men? **VG:** Indeed — great men. To be a Boswell, you've got to believe in the great man-ness of the man you are writing about. So much biography now is written against the desire of the biographee. You know the number of people who say they don't want a biography to be written, who block, the number of people who behave like J D Salinger. It is quite unusual to have the complete symbiosis that existed between Boswell and Johnson. **AM:** But Ian Hamilton wanted to write about Salinger while he was still alive. Johnson was dead by the time the biography came out. He would have found it difficult if some of that stuff came out during his lifetime. Can I say something about Larkin? I never had an unwritten contract with him along the lines of Boswell's with Johnson. It was never like that. But I wasn't hiding behind the sofa with

my notepad. There was never any conversation he and I had about it, but I think there was something unsaid. He would tell me things as though he were speaking to the afterlife.

VG: I do think that people want to tell somebody things. There was the last lover of Vita Sackville-West, who is now dead. I went to see her one day. She was a very nice lady in a Kent village with labradors and glasses of sherry and Madeira cake. I thought there was no way I could ask her, you know, "what was it like with Vita?" So we talked about the garden and we talked about their foreign trips. I just couldn't ask her. And as I was leaving she said "Vita loved me physically, you know. And it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me." She had wanted to say it. There is often a sort of mutuality between biographer and subject, as Andrew found with Larkin.

AM: But we have to respect the feelings of the living. The feelings of the dead don't matter.

MM: I think the dead have different priorities.

AM: They're dead.

MM: Yes. I can spot the difference, almost at once. No, seriously. With Lytton Strachey I think I sought a degree of departure from hagiography. The point about Boswell is that he is so various. He is so all over the place. He wants to be a lawyer. He wants to be a biographer. He wants everything that everybody wants and therefore there is some of us in him — all of us.

VG: I think you Michael must take a lot of the credit, and the blame, for the modern biography. The sort of biography that took us back to Boswell. Before the Lytton Strachey biography you had all manner of extended tombstone inscriptions. We respond to Boswell because he is much more like we would like to be. He gets the grain and the actuality. He doesn't make distinctions between what is significant and what is not. I think we can read Boswell with more empathy now than we have for perhaps a couple of hundred years. Biography should be like a good novel, and, as Desmond McCarthy once put it, "a biographer is a novelist under oath."

AM: But there is something missing in Boswell's *Johnson*. The childhood, the psychological imperatives, where it all comes from.

VG: That's a very post-Freudian view.

AM: Yes. But here we are wanting to say that Boswell is modern and actually I think the central ingredient of modern biography is missing from it.

VG: But I think that is very modern. Not to explain. Just to put it down. Explanation can sometimes be reductionism, you know.

AM: It won't do.

VG: It's more like a Tarantino movie. You don't have a hinterland. You don't need a hinterland. You can deduce it.

AM: There are all sorts of neuroses that aren't gone into in the book.

MM: The taste for wholeness may have gone. It may be that in the future biographers will take a year of someone's life. As I get older, the idea of a 500-page book rather appeals to me.

VG: Yes. The chronicle biography has had its day.

MM: Is it in Hamlet where it is said "it had been so with us, had we been there?" Boswell's *Johnson* is like that. It enables you to get back and come alive in another time and this is the magic of literature. Boswell brings Johnson alive. One has an extra bit of life that releases one from oneself.

Boswell's Boswell, written and presented by Andrew O'Hagan, will be shown tonight on BBC2's Bookmark at 8.10 pm.



Andrew Motion's biography of Philip Larkin was published in 1993. Keats, his life of the poet, was out last year. It will arrive in paperback this autumn, published by Faber.



Victoria Glendinning has written lives of Vita Sackville-West and Trollope, among others. Her new book is about Jonathan Swift. It will be published in September.



Michael Holroyd wrote, in several parts, the life of George Bernard Shaw. He also wrote a biography of Lytton Strachey. His autobiography will be published next year.

'This man's going to be a major writer'

Iain M. Banks

صكزا من الامل

Bomb-making with the stars ● Cool welcome awaits Culture Secretary ● Terry Gilliam's bad trip

Depp: I made an 80ft fireball

Festival diary

Dan Glaister



Thompson's *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* (see review p.18) is just how many drugs did these boys do during filming? Gilliam, who professed himself an old hippie—he was never a young one—claimed not to have done many. And you, Mr Depp? "We're respectable people... well, being an altar boy, er, having dabbled in my youth, experimenting with various things, I know of what these drugs can do, but a lot of the drugs in the book are invented." I see. Take either, for example. Or rather, don't. Johnny Depp's research told him that taking ether was equivalent of drinking 20 bottles of wine in one-and-a-half minutes.

Puffing away on his cheeks and smoothing his cute little moustache, Depp seemed to have kept something of Thompson inside him. "The sick thing was that I felt like him," he said. "Clearly, I had spent too much time with Hunter; it had gone too deep." Indeed, it had gone so deep that the day Thompson turned up on set for his cameo in the film, some thought he was doing an imitation of Depp. The young star felt slightly uneasy about portraying the chief gonzo in front of the real one. "He's an excellent marksman," said Depp, "and he has access to a lot of weapons."

Depp, who admits that Thompson is one of his heroes, spent almost a week living in the writer's base-

ment in preparation for the part, sleeping next to a barrel of gunpowder. Their first meeting, in Aspen in 1996, has the air of an apocryphal Thompson story. "We were at the Woolly Creek tavern and someone made a call and said, 'OK, Hunter's on his way.' I thought, great. About 10 minutes later, the door burst open and there was this huge hulking figure. He had a stun gun in one hand and a live cattle prod in the other. He was wearing blue electric charges running down it, in the other. He was swinging them around wildly and people were running. He came over and hit me on the head with the cattle prod."

"After I'd recovered, we sat down and had a couple of drinks before going to his house and making a bomb in his kitchen. We took it outside and shot it up with a shotgun. It made an 80ft fireball."

The first major scandal, and the festival is only three days old. Pekka Lehto, a Finnish producer-director, wants the only Russian film, Alexei Gherman's *Khrustaliov, My Car!* withdrawn. Lehto alleges he wrote a treatment for the film based on a Joseph Brodsky essay after obtaining the writer's permission. He then approached Gherman, a 50-year-old producer-director, who did not know the story, but he was very interested in collaborating. So they sat down together and wrote the script. And that was the last Lehto heard until it popped up in competition at the festival. Lehto and the Finnish Film Foundation called in the lawyers. Gherman is remaining tight-lipped, but given the history of confrontation between the Russians and Finns, this could be a long and bloody battle.



Depp, who said of his meeting with the chief gonzo: 'Hunter had a stun-gun in one hand and a live cattle prod in the other'

Review

Fear And Loathing (mainly loathing)

If the first duty of anyone adapting Hunter S Thompson's *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* was to subject the audience to the closest possible approximation of the author's legendary drug experiences, then Terry Gilliam can consider his work a success. His film, which received its world premiere in Cannes on Thursday, is one hell of a bad trip.

Even those who fondly remembered nailing their ears to Jimi Hendrix's loudspeakers in an attempt to create their own purple haze during the sixties were leaving the cinema rubbing their ears after a virtually unbroken two-hour assault on the senses. Mind-expanding, however, it is not.

A quarter of a century after the publication of Thompson's epic, the book's reputation and influence have spread to such an extent that nothing could damage its justified eminence. This is fortunate, since Gilliam's effort is right up there with the film versions of *The Great Gatsby* and *Bonfire Of The Vanities* in terms of jobs that probably didn't need doing.

Whether in its original appearance in monthly instalments in *Rolling Stone* or, later, in book form, *Fear And Loathing* gave its audience the option of getting on with their own lives between chapters. The film offers no such respite. It howls and roars and vomits in your face until you just want it to go away.

Johnny Depp plays Raoul Duke, Thompson's alter ego, a crazed magazine journalist sent to cover a sports event in Las Vegas. Benicio Del Toro is Dr Gonzo, his attorney, along for the ride in a Cadillac stocked with acid, mescaline, grass and cocaine. Seeing Duke primarily in terms of costume and mannerisms, Depp fails to make the character engaging. Del Toro spends most of the film with his head in a lavatory bowl, although his attempt to undress in the bath is momentarily amusing.

The point about Thompson's writing was that he made you half-believe in a lot of stuff that probably didn't happen. Here, for all the hallucinatory special effects and the star cameos, a modern myth is reduced to the level of a psychedelic cartoon.

Richard Williams

More rivalries emerged courtesy of mill-mannered Ken Loach and his team, here with *My Name Is Joe*. The film includes a scene in which Joe's boys don a Brazil strip. The shirts are those of the 1970 team, featuring the likes of Pele and Rivellino. This did not please the Brazilian journalists in Cannes. "Why did you not pay homage to the stars of today such as Ronaldo?" demanded one Brazilian scribe. "The 1970 team lives in people's memories," explained Loach. "For people who follow foot-

ball, their names are legend. The most dramatic things are often associated with football, and we shouldn't underestimate that." Such Hornby-esque musings from Citizen Ken left some of the foreign journalists bemused. "Can things change with Tony Blair?" asked a reporter from Belgium. "At least, a humorous question," replied Loach. "Would Loach be making small talk over the canapés with Culture Secretary Chris Smith when visits Cannes tomorrow? He is part of the Blair government. I would find

it very difficult to have a conversation with him." Coach. The Loach team were then asked for their opinion of the film's chances. "There's a bigger chance of winning the Palme d'Or than of getting tickets for the World Cup," said scriptwriter Paul Laverty. The film's star, Peter Mullan, admitted that he wasn't in town for the film. "I'm here to get tickets for the Scotland-Brazil match," he said. Meanwhile, the rest of the British contingent is scouring the town for a big screen to watch this afternoon's FA Cup final.

On those plucky low-budget film-makers! This year's tale of derring-do comes courtesy of Head-flicks, here to sell their £1.2 million epic, *Amsterdam*. The producers had the bright idea of painting a big marijuana leaf on the side of a yellow van and driving it to Cannes. Oh dear. "We had so much hassle on the way down," says Gordon Mason, "sniffer dogs walking us up to the night, you wouldn't believe it." But things started to get even nastier once they arrived in

Cannes yesterday. "We were forced into a side street, surrounded by four police cars, dragged out and flung against the side of the van. They told us to leave town immediately." But Mason stood his ground, taking the argument to the chief of police. A compromise was reached. They now must put a red circle around the leaf with a cross through it and the word "interdit" underneath. Enough, you'll agree, to make Hunter S Thompson reach for his cattle prod.

Richard Williams

The Full Monty meets Nil By Mouth — in Glasgow

Richard Williams sees *My Name Is Joe*, the film tipped to bring Ken Loach the festival's top prize at last



Review

DESPITE the best efforts of those who would consign his brand of social realism to the dustbin of British cinema, Ken Loach established himself as the early favourite for the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival yesterday with *My Name Is Joe*, a story of addiction, romance and responsibility set in the backstreets of Glasgow. Featuring a largely unfamiliar cast, it explores comedy and tragedy on its way to an uneasy resolution, and received generous applause at yesterday's press screening.

Loach conceived the idea of *My Name Is Joe* while making part of his last film, *Carla's Song*, in Glasgow. Both screenplays were written by Paul Laverty, a former human rights lawyer. No doubt Loach and Laverty will receive some criticism for maintaining an interest in the margins of society, but *My Name Is Joe* sustains its dramatic value alongside its political dimension, which in this case (by contrast with Loach's recent work) is tightly focused on individuals and domestic situations. Comic invention alternates with the tension of a thriller, tempting the suggestion that the director has managed to reconcile the salient characteristics of *The Full*

Monty with those of *Nil By Mouth*, steering a skrewed course between the feelgood and miserabilist tendencies. In attempting to contain these contrasting emotions within a story lasting less than two hours, such a film runs the risk of seeming schematic and manipulative. But the warmth of Loach's actors and the unflashy integrity of the film's visual dimension give credibility to the convolutions and tensions of its compressed plot.

Joe is a recovering alcoholic who does a bit of decorating to supplement his dole money while sticking devoutly to his 12-step programme. His soul, however, is in his football team, a colourfully nicknamed bunch of enthusiastic incipient players who turn out in the strip of the great West German team of the early 1970s. Joe, who is in his middle thirties, is too old to play, but coaches the team and ferries them to matches in an old van.

Someone involved in the film clearly understands football for the matches capture the spirit of *Fever Pitch* far more effectively than the film of Nick Hornby's book. One of his players, Liam, is a young ex-junkie with a girlfriend and a small son. The girl has an active habit, and goes on the game to pay for it. When Joe meets the family's health visitor, Sarah (Louise Goodall), a relationship devel-

ops after he offers to decorate her flat. Sarah represents another step back to normality, and the scene in which Joe and his mate hang her wallpaper is one of the funniest in recent cinema.

Loach handles the central relationship with great skill. These two very ordinary people seem to share nothing much, beyond average-to-decent looks. Joe simply has nothing, and no prospects either. "Joe Kavanagh, that's all I've got," he says. Sarah has a flat, a car, a job and common sense. Yet when they meet, it's like two halves of a puzzle slotting together. Mullan and Goodall make their ordinariness shine.

There's a marvelous moment, before they've even kissed, when Joe looks at Sarah. She's

"No, I said Parliam. Midnight white." Joe (Peter Mullan) does a bit of decorating. PHOTOGRAPH: JESS BARRATT

That's a good trick, because we want it to last while knowing that it can't. No one comes by happiness as simply and easily as this. Liam's failure to pay off his girlfriend's debts to the local crime boss presents Joe with a dilemma that imperils every aspect of his new contentment. By helping out, he would be stepping back into the darkness. But by leaving Liam to solve his own problems, Joe would be rejecting the only expression of community available to him.

It isn't giving the game away to say that his instinctive action makes the worst of both possibilities. Here Laverty's script opens out beyond the confines of a intimate narrative to involve the audience in its concerns. When Joe joined AA, he was recognising that no one but himself could take control of his life. Now he has to face the wider implications of individual responsibility.

Mullan, whose open face and stocky build were seen in *Shallow Grave*, *Trainspotting* and Loach's *Rid-raft*, gets most of the screen time, and develops a powerful presence, but the performance of Goodall is every bit as exceptional, built on subtle and sometimes unpredictable responses. The two of them get the audience on their side in a way that Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan might envy — although it's hard to imagine a bankable Hollywood couple agreeing to such limited wardrobes and unimpressive locations.

Cannes has been a happy hunting ground for Loach, who is revered more by audiences and critics in Europe than at home. *Black Jack* (1973), *Look at Us* (1981), *Hidden Agenda* (1990) and *Raining Stones* (1993) all received prizes here, although the Palme d'Or has eluded him. Even in a year that is shaping up to be highly competitive, *My Name Is Joe* appears to put him with a strong chance of landing the big one.



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Six-page section

The Guardian Weekendsport

Saturday May 16 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

FA Cup Final:

Man-for-man sees Gunners emerge as clear winners

David Lacey runs the rule over both teams

Arsenal

David Seaman
Not invulnerable, as Paul Gascoigne's free-kick demonstrated at Wembley in the 1991 semi-final, but still as safe a goalkeeper as any team could wish to possess for a big occasion.
Marks (out of 10): 8

Lee Dixon
His initial task will be to curb the runs of Gary Speed but once the final game settles down Dixon will be combining with Ray Parlour to outflank Newcastle on the right and get in crosses.
Marks: 7

Martin Keown
He will be trying to stop Alan Shearer finding space near goal. Close-marking is Keown's prime strength and the tussle between the two should be a compelling subplot.
Marks: 8

Tony Adams
Still one of the English game's most natural leaders, Adams will organise Arsenal at the back and look for opportunities to get forward, especially at set pieces.
Marks: 8

Nigel Winterburn
Again the quiet, consistent hero of a successful Arsenal season, Winterburn should have more opportunities to link with Marc Overmars on the left if Keith Gillespie is out.
Marks: 8

Ray Parlour
As Arsenal's most improved footballer Parlour should be a big influence today and his presence on the right ought to restrict the attacking ambitions of Alessandro Pistone.
Marks: 7

Patrick Vieira
The man Newcastle must prevent from dominating the midfield if they are to have any hope this afternoon, Vieira combines solid tackling with pace, vision and passing accuracy.
Marks: 9

Emmanuel Petit
After an indifferent start he has steadily become as important to Arsenal as Vieira. Petit will try to restrict the forward runs of Robert Lee as well as servicing the front-runners.
Marks: 8

Marc Overmars
The Dutchman's burst of form around Christmas and the new year was crucial to Arsenal's revival and he could be the match-winner now, although Newcastle will form a queue to stop him.
Marks: 8

Nicolas Anelka
After showing a new maturity during the run-in to the championship Anelka can round off the season with a goal or two at Wembley, provided he breaks his habit of straying offside.
Marks: 8

Christopher Wreh
Having already played such a crucial role during Dennis Bergkamp's absence, the Liberian will surely play now. His strength in possession complements a sharp sense of opportunism.
Marks: 7

TOTAL: 86

Newcastle

Shay Given
An agile, alert goalkeeper, Given is sometimes handicapped by a lack of inches, standing 6ft 4in compared to David Seaman's 6ft 4in. But he makes few errors.
Marks (out of 10): 7

Warren Barton
Barton's versatility has blossomed under Kenny Dalglish, who has also used him as an attacking midfielder, but today his prime role will be to restrict the movements of Marc Overmars.
Marks: 7

Nicos Dabizas
The Greek defender already looks like Dalglish's most successful foreign signing at the club. Calm under pressure, he can also bring the ball out and use it intelligently.
Marks: 8

Steve Howey
Plagued by injuries Howey has struggled to fulfil his earlier promise, but he remains a solid centre-back in the traditional English mould and can reaffirm his qualities today.
Marks: 7

Stuart Pearce
No stranger to Wembley or big games, Pearce has lost some of his pace but his experience will be invaluable to Newcastle as they try to stem the Arsenal tide.
Marks: 7

Alessandro Pistone
Defending apart, the Italian will be important for Newcastle in giving their attack width and pace on the left. Pistone is as likely as anyone to upset Arsenal's mood and flow.
Marks: 7

Robert Lee
A possible match-winner, Lee more than anybody will be crucial in taking the play to Arsenal. Apart from anything else this would restrict Emmanuel Petit's attacking opportunities.
Marks: 7

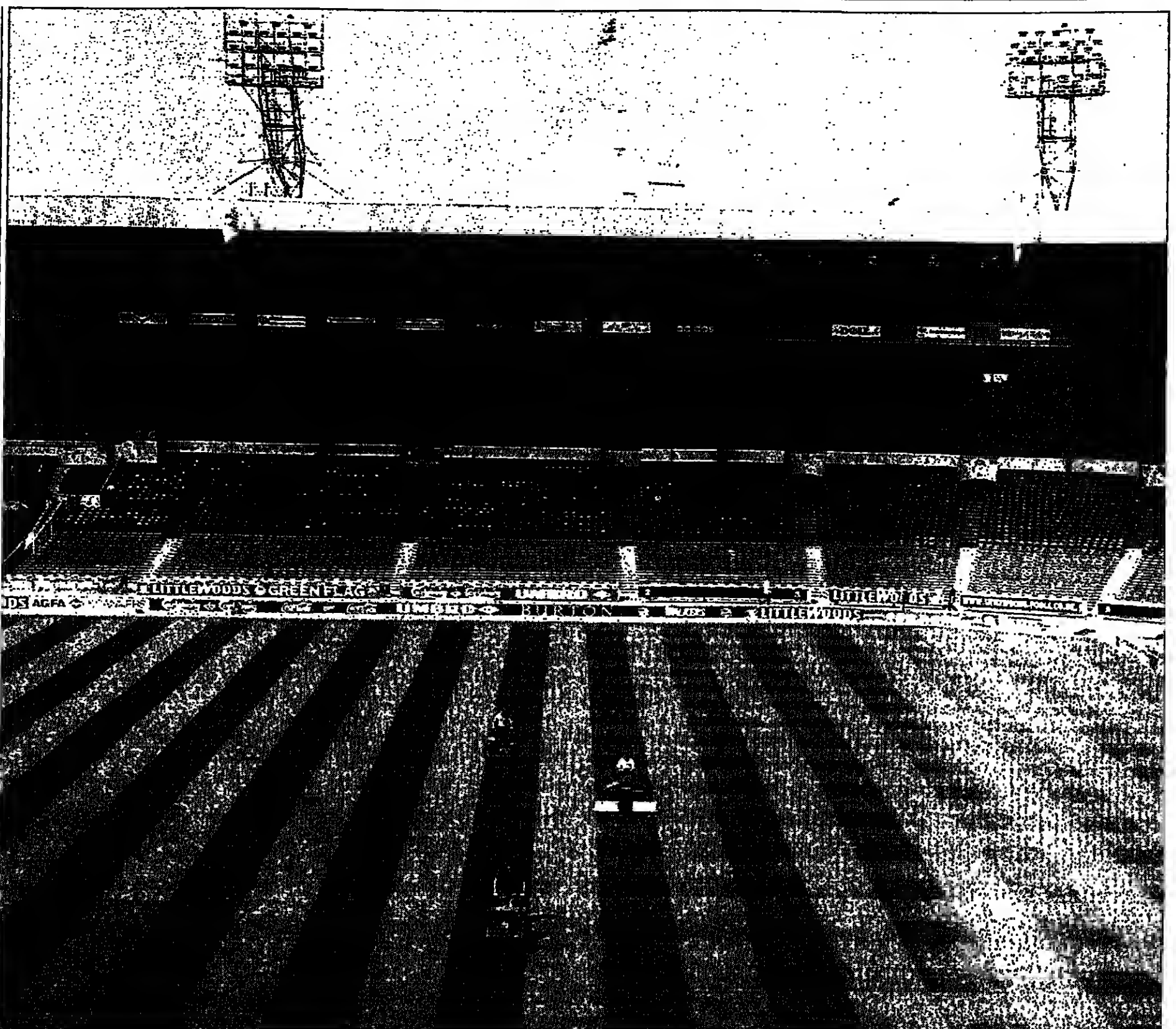
David Batty
To Newcastle's most consistent, and most-dismissed, player this season falls the main responsibility of denying Patrick Vieira and Emmanuel Petit the run of the midfield.
Marks: 8

Gary Speed
Hardly a snip at £5.5 million, Speed has yet to justify his fee but he remains a player with a natural flair for attack and is quite capable of popping up from nowhere to score.
Marks: 6

Tomasz Kotowski
The Georgian's recent form could win him the nod over Andreas Andersson. Newcastle will surely need his extra pace at some point to stand a chance of disturbing Arsenal's defence.
Marks: 7

Alan Shearer
If ever there was a situation made for a Georgie hero this is it. Even if he does not score Shearer can still draw Martin Keown out of position and leave Arsenal exposed for others.
Marks: 9

TOTAL: 80



The grass is greener... and the Wembley stadium pitch looks immaculate for today's FA Cup final between Arsenal and Newcastle United

PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARN

Fine day for Double or quits

David Lacey backs the favourites to win Wembley's two-horse race this afternoon

NEVER was there a better time for the FA Cup final to remind everybody that anything can happen in a two-horse race, even if one of the mounts appears to be descended from the unfortunate nag that carried a motley crew to Wembley.

This afternoon the multinational technocrats of Arsenal will be expected to defeat a Newcastle United team stripped of its idiosyncratic skills once Kenny Dalglish had succeeded Kevin Keegan as manager and reduced to fitful functionalism in a season at St James' Park burdened by embarrassments both on and off the field.

A win for Arsène Wenger's Arsenal would complete

Highbury's second league and FA Cup double and leave London holding not only the principal domestic trophies but also the Cup Winners' Cup, which Chelsea added to their can of Coke in such dramatic fashion on Wednesday night.

Even without Dennis Bergkamp, who despite all the optimism about his recovery from a hamstring injury was ruled out yesterday, Arsenal are still expected to win as comfortably as they did in a league fixture at Highbury five weeks ago, when the Dutchman was suspended, and maybe by a similar score, 3-1.

Now is the moment for the Magpies of Newcastle to assume the characteristics of eagles — Sheffield Eagles that is, recent winners of Rugby League's Challenge Cup

against the sort of daunting odds that face Dalglish's players now. The Eagles triumphed at Wembley because they found the right game-plan and backed it with a considerable team effort while the favourites, Wigan, made elementary errors and never really got going.

If this afternoon is to produce a similar plot Newcastle will have to deny Arsenal the run of the midfield, break up their passing rhythms and provide the sort of scoring opportunities which will enable Alan Shearer to take the FA Cup to Twynside for a seventh time. In addition, Wenger's players will need to suffer a collective off-day.

Neither is likely to happen. Not only do Arsenal have better all-round talent than Newcastle, they have abundantly more pace and nowhere is the contrast likely to be more apparent than in midfield.

David Batty and Robert Lee can match the strength of Patrick Vieira and Emmanuel Petit but they will find it difficult to keep up with the speedy French on the break.

With no Bergkamp to control the pulse of the game the even greater pace of Marc Overmars will be all the more influential on the outcome. Or it could be Ray Parlour, who posed the bigger threat to Newcastle at Highbury when Dalglish's defenders tracked Overmars in droves.

Logic argues that Christopher Wreh, rather than Ian Wright, should partner Nicolas Anelka up front, although eight years ago Wright erupted from the Crystal Palace bench at Wembley to bring Manchester United to the brink of defeat in the last FA Cup final that really set hearts thumping.

Dalglish will put his faith in Shearer and the ability of those supporting him to disrupt the country's most experienced defence with a quality of football seldom evident in Newcastle's play since Keegan left. Whichever way one

looks at it, this will be a tall order of California redwood proportions, especially if Keith Gillespie is not around to ply Shearer with crosses.

Yet it has to be hoped that, even if they lose, Newcastle make a decent fist of the occasion. Certainly their supporters deserve a respectable demonstration after enduring a season of anti-climax blighted initially by Shearer's injury then beset by a decline in the Premiership which eventually became a dangerous flirtation with relegation.

The bumbling indiscretions of two of the club's directors, picked up by a Sunday newspaper, would have been less of a problem set against a successful season on the field. As it was the hapless pair merely confirmed the suspicion that here was a club with a death wish.

The last thing Newcastle need at Wembley today is a repeat of the humiliating defeat inflicted on Joe Harvey's side by Liverpool in the 1974 final. Then, as now, Newcastle looked to an outstanding English striker, Malcolm MacDonald, to blow the opposition away only to find themselves outplayed as Keegan, John Toshack, Ian Callaghan, Steve Heighway, Brian Hall and Peter Cormack produced bewildering patterns of passing and movement.

Even that team had come to Wembley under a cloud, having beaten Nottingham Forest in the quarter-finals after a pitch invasion had disrupted the original game at St James' Park with Forest leading 2-1. The Football Association annulled the result and ordered the tie to be switched to a neutral ground, Newcastle eventually winning after a further replay.

There were those who felt Newcastle had performed as if they knew they had no right to be in the final. While this is not the case today it will be hard to ignore the fact that for either leniency or myopia on the part of Martin Boden-

ham, the referee of Newcastle's league game against Leicester City 2½ weeks ago, Shearer would almost certainly have been sent off for that kick into the face of Neil Lennon and suspended this afternoon.

No reasonable person believed that Shearer had meant to hurt Lennon but Tuesday's furtive whitewash by an FA disciplinary committee, which cleared the England captain of any culpability, dishonoured the game.

That said, Shearer now has a wonderful opportunity to give England a fantastic of the goalscoring instincts on which hopes will rest in the World Cup.

For the moment all is possible and those who note such things will have already recalled the number of FA Cup finals which have produced upsets in the eighth year of a decade: West Bromwich Albion beating Preston North End's "Invincibles" in 1888, Newcastle losing to the unfancied Wolves in 1908, Blackburn overcoming the mighty Huddersfield in 1928, Ipswich stunning Arsenal in 1978 and Wimbledon pulling off one of the Cup's biggest shocks when they defeated Liverpool in 1988.

The roar that would greet a Newcastle victory today would expose the shallowness of the suggestion that the FA Cup no longer matters. But one suspects that before the afternoon is out Arsenal throats will be cleared for a Double celebration.

End of a dream for Bergkamp

DENNIS BERGKAMP achieved the Double he did not want yesterday when he was ruled out of Arsenal's FA Cup final team because of the same injury that denied him a place in the championship-winning side, writes Keith Anderson.

"I missed the Everton match when Arsenal won the league title which means I missed the most important match of the year," he said. "Now I am missing the final. I'm very disappointed."

"I'm a player who wants to win. I do not only want to be remembered as a talented player, but one who helps his team to win trophies."

There had been every indication that the Dutchman was making a successful recovery from the hamstring injury that had put him out of the last three games of the season but four words from his manager Arsène Wenger, "He will not play", brought a premature end to the exploits of the striker voted Player of the Year by the Professional Footballers' Association and the Football Writers' Association.

"As a boy I always watched the final and wanted to play in it," Bergkamp, 28, added. "I dreamed about it. It's the best match of the year."

For Newcastle United there was better news: Keith Gillespie's chances of playing a part in today's proceedings at Wembley have risen slightly after the winger yesterday joined in training with the rest of the squad for the first time in almost three weeks.

Gillespie did some ball work for the first time since jarring ankle ligaments after a challenge by Tottenham's Colin Calderwood at White Hart Lane last month. Now he could be on the bench.

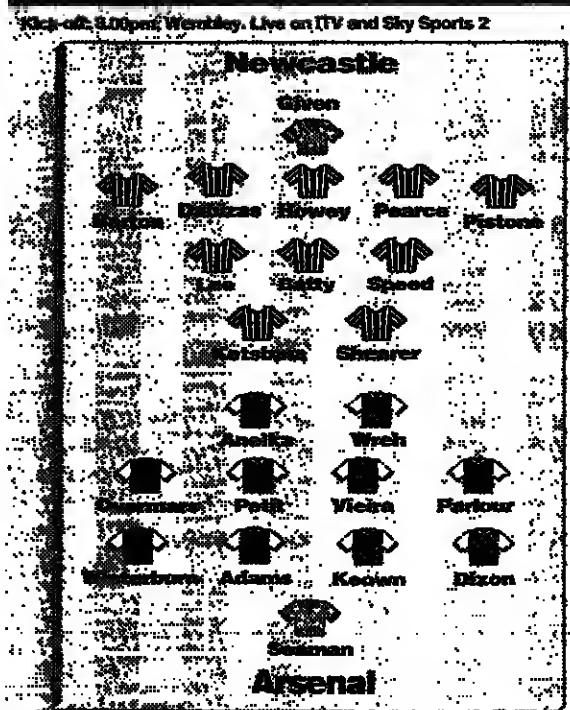


Seaman... big-game player though not totally foolproof



Pearce... lost some pace but his experience will help

Wembley teams*



The Scottish Cup final: Rangers v Heart of Midlothian

Endless winter for a veteran still putting miles on the clock

Patrick Glenn on the Rangers captain Richard Gough who returns to the United States on Monday for another season

RICHARD GOUGH, Rangers' veteran captain, will sympathise with those Hearts fans who have watched their team lose four finals since they lifted the trophy back in 1956. Gough knows all too well the empty feeling of hopes dashed on the big occasion.

Hearts supporters will today dismiss 42 years of history and stampede to Parkhead with the illogical conviction that their team can win the Scottish Cup in a final against Rangers.

Those four final appearances have all ended in ignominy for Tynecastle supporters. On every occasion they were not so much beaten as thrashed. Their last try, only two years ago, brought the embarrassment of a 6-1 defeat by today's opponents. But, with the Scottish FA having agreed to an even split of the 50,000 tickets for Parkhead — the neutral venue while Hampden Park is re-built — the Edinburgh side could have sold their allocation twice over.

All of those who wear the maroon favours will be convinced that, this time, it will be different. The optimism survives despite a league match between the clubs at Tynecastle only three weeks ago that ended in a 3-0 victory for Rangers. The Ibrox team have won two and drew the other of the previous three Premier Division matches. Unreasonable though it may seem, however, those Hearts supporters are entitled to their optimism.

For Gough has been on the losing side in two of the five

Scottish Cup finals in which he has appeared and captained Tottenham at Wembley when they lost the 1987 FA Cup against the odds to Coventry City. What all of these games had in common was that the second favourites took the trophy.

Those experiences have left Gough with an undisguised caution when it comes to assessing his prospects of gaining a fourth winner's medal when he plays his last match for the outgoing champions.

At 36, Gough is ending an 11-year association with Rangers which seemed to have been terminated a year ago but which was renewed last autumn when a rush of injuries forced the manager Walter Smith to re-sign his old ally back from Major League Soccer.

Gough confesses, almost startlingly, that the proposed recall filled him with an uncharacteristic wariness about returning within five months to a club with whom he had won 10 league championships, six League Cups and three Scottish Cups, leaving him more decorated than the Red Baron.

"The fear I had about coming back was my age," said Gough. "I wondered about carrying on playing at a seri-

ously competitive level without sustaining injuries.

"The point was that Walter was bringing me back because of long-term injuries to other players, especially Lorenzo Amoroso, who had been signed from Fiorentina specifically to replace me. I didn't fancy the idea of my getting injured and having people asking, 'Why did they bring back that old crock?'"

"As it happens, though, I've stayed clear of injuries and I feel great. I've played 95 straight games without a break since 1986 and I'm going back to the States on Monday to kick off another 30 games next Saturday for San José Clash.

"At my stage, this is probably a wise move. It could be dangerous to stop and take a break, as I might not get started again. But I've always had good personal motivation and when that goes, I'll recognise that it's time to stop."

Gough will certainly have as powerful a sense of urgency as anyone on the field today, as Rangers are threatened with their first season without a single trophy since 1985-86. As he did not sign for Graeme Souness from Spurs until the following season, he has never experienced a barren campaign at Ibrox.

He has a healthy regard for

Hearts, despite the previous form between the teams, and was not slow to voice his concern. "They stayed with Celtic and Rangers through to the last three weeks of the league championship," he said. "So we're not talking about a team who got lucky."

"You can pick out a handful of players, like Steve Fulton, Paul Ritchie, David Weir, Neil McCann and Stéphane Adam, who have all been at the top of their form throughout the season. They have pace and imagination and they'll be dangerous."

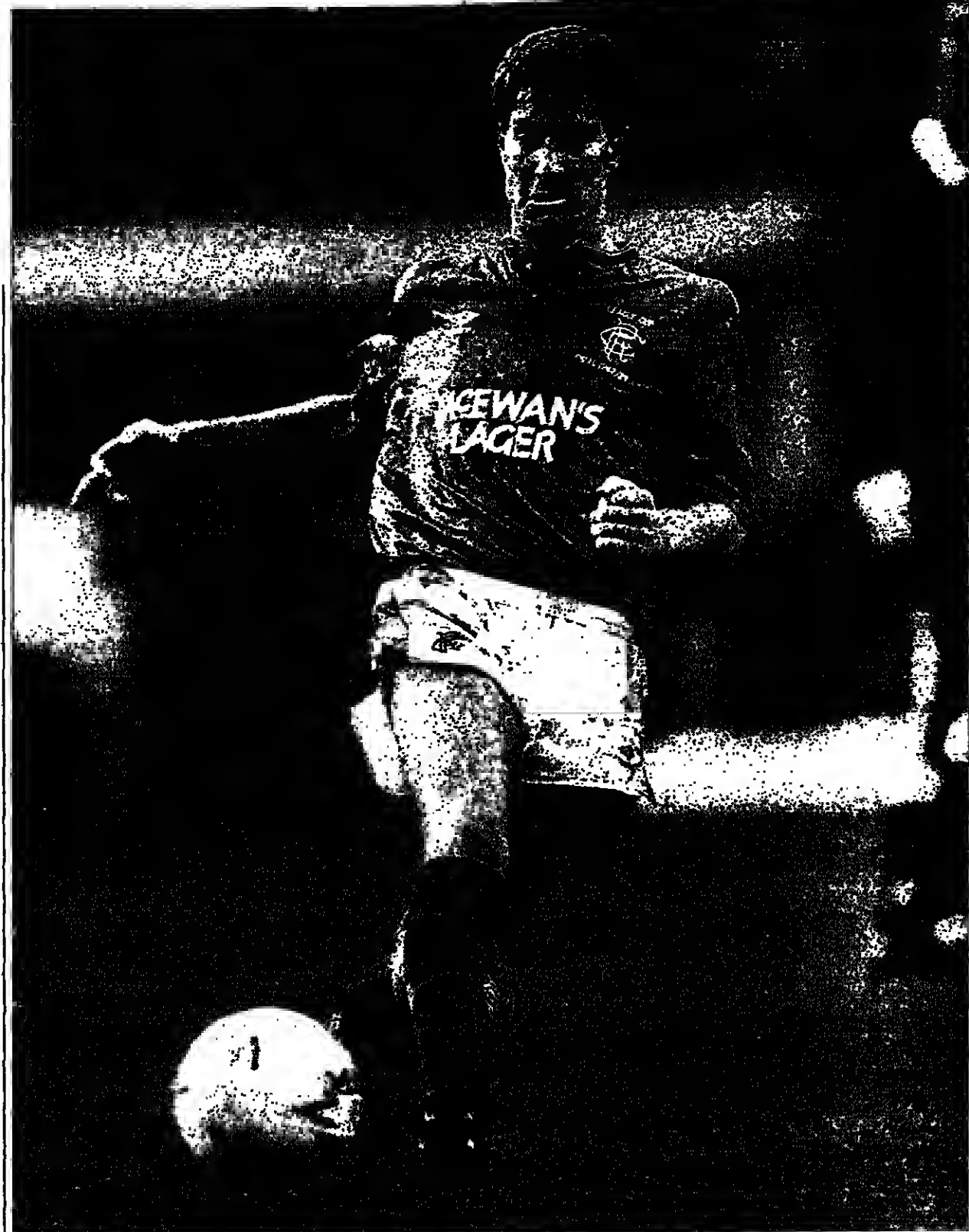
Gough is likely to play behind the weakest midfield of his entire time at Ibrox. With Paul Gascoigne removed to Middlesbrough, Jorg Albertz suspended and Jonas Thern unavailable because of injury, Smith's entire first-choice unit of only a few weeks ago is gone.

The possible replacements do not inspire confidence. Stuart McCall is diminished by age and wear and tear — this betrayed by his omission from Craig Brown's World Cup squad — and Ian Ferguson, Charlie Miller and Ian Durrant have hardly played in the first team this season, while Rino Gattuso is a 20-year-old Italian with energy to burn but no discernible talent.

Hearts' manager Jim Jefferies took his squad to Stratford-upon-Avon earlier this week to preview at the headquarters used by Scotland during Euro 96 and returned with a full-strength squad. As always, the cup is likely to be won by the team less affected by nerves. Hearts' time may at last be at hand.

Hearts (probable): Ross, McPherson, Weir, Ritchie, Maynard, Salvatori, Fulton, Cameron, McCann, Adam, Hamilton, Rangers (probable): Gough, Amoroso, Gough, Bjorklund, Porcini, McCall, Gough, Durrant, Stemsas, Laudrup, Durie.

I didn't fancy the idea of my getting injured and having people asking 'Why did they bring back that old crock?'



Roving Ranger... Richard Gough was recalled from Kansas last October to round off the autumn of his Scottish career

Hearts ache with expectation after enduring cruel failure

Last time it ended in Double tears. But John Colquhoun, who has suffered for Hearts, sees positive parallels between the Tynecastle side denied in 1986 and today's finalists

ALWAYS the Bridesmaid is perhaps the most appropriately named fanzine in Britain. Football fans in even the most far-flung corners of our island who look down their noses at Scottish football will be familiar with the tribulations that Heart of Midlothian followers have suffered over the last 12 years. In 1986 I was a member of a Hearts team who will be remembered for one of the most glorious failures in the history of British football.

Tipped for relegation before a ball was kicked in anger, Hearts from the end of

September 1985 went on an unbeaten run of 27 league games, securing a draw at Dundee in the final game would see them crowned champions for the first time in 26 years.

Even a defeat would be good enough to take the title if Celtic did not manage to win at St Mirren. Celtic won the last 12 years. In 1986 I was a member of a Hearts team who will be remembered for one of the most glorious failures in the history of British football.

The Scottish Cup final the following week was to bring

more sorrow as Aberdeen, under the guidance of Alex Ferguson, easily defeated us 3-0 at Hampden.

The tear-stained faces famously photographed by the newspapers at Dens Park on that fateful title-losing May afternoon have aged far more than the 12 years that have elapsed. Choosing the Tynecastle club as the one to swear allegiance to can etch lines on any brow. Spectacular failure was tolerated that year, largely due to the improbability of success at the beginning of the season.

Since then, however, failure has been monotonous in its regularity — though at times it has managed to be just as spectacular, never more so than when Hearts were 1-0 ahead in a Scottish Cup semi-final against Celtic in 1988 with three minutes to go. Hearts scored 2-1 to Celtic.

Today's Hearts team will hope that the comparisons being drawn with the 1986 side do not extend to the Cup final result. There are, though, many parallels. Both Hearts teams feature managers able to coax above-average performances from ordinary players. With both Alex MacDonald and the current manager Jim Jefferies, it is uncanny how similar they are in their outlook to the game, the way it should be played and the belief that the team, rather than individuality, is the most important factor when building with limited resources.

Working in different eras, dealing with different problems, they have both come close to ending the quest for a

major trophy that the club believed it deserved. A League Cup success over Kilmarnock in season 1982-83 was the last time Hearts picked up serious silverware. Jefferies has proved to be easily the best manager in Scotland at exploiting the post-Bosman European transfer market, signing players such as the Frenchman Stéphane Adam, the Austrian international Thomas Floeg and the former Milan midfielder Stefano Salvatori who have all contributed enormously to the Tynecastle effort this season.

While a good proportion of the money saved on transfer fees has been reflected in the players' salaries, many supposedly more capable managers have failed to spot the difference between a Continental player looking for a quick payday and one wishing to contribute something meaningful to a new club.

MacDonald in the Eighties sought his cheap recruits from slightly closer to home. Rather than scouting foreign fields he claimed the cast-offs discarded by the Old Firm. No fewer than nine of his first-team squad were refugees from Glasgow. Both managers blended this experience to young home-grown talent, then plundered opportunity and trial rivals for their best players.

The Scottish footballing public, despite being duped by Ally MacLeod into believing Scotland could win the World Cup, and the traditional beliefs and are unwilling to consider any club outside the Old Firm winning

our Premier Division championship. This state of mind is based largely on the finances available to Rangers and Celtic compared with the funds a club such as Hearts can generate.

The Edinburgh club achieved a club record of 3,000 season-ticket holders this season — which appears

very respectable until the figures from Celtic (50,000) and Rangers (30,000) are produced.

Jefferies' most expensive acquisition since returning to Tynecastle to manage the club he had played for is Colin Cameron from Raith Rovers for £240,000, equivalent to the salary a squad

member at Ibrox would expect.

Chasing a title can wear down even the most hardened professional. Losing out at the last minute can make even a cup final seem like one game too far. After the match in which we lost the league in 1986, I recall that having completed training on the Mon-

day we started to drag ourselves back up.

Believing that after 32 games without a defeat we had not suddenly developed a losing mentality, we genuinely believed we could lift ourselves to beat Aberdeen in that Cup final. Once again we were mistaken.

The championship was like a beach ball. Every victory pumped us up a little bit more until we were almost at maximum inflation then Kiddy's first goal let out the air. The deflation was immediate and final. Trying to get the air back into the ball was an impossible task.

This year Hearts suffered their puncture several weeks ago, the final stah to their aspirations coming against Rangers in a match at Tynecastle in which the Ibrox midfield dominated the home side. A repeat of that occasion this afternoon is unlikely.

Hearts will find it difficult to perform any worse and Rangers, with the Swede Jonas Thern injured and the influential German Jorg Albertz suspended, will do well to play as convincingly as they did that day.

For all Hearts followers it is important that they are promoted from bridesmaid to bride today or this team will simply take their place among the other glorious failures that litter the history of the club.

If sentiment fixed the odds, Hearts would be rated certain victors at Celtic Park this afternoon. In the real world bookmakers call the shots and Rangers are odds-on favourites to lift the trophy.



Broken Heart... John Colquhoun, second left, after defeat in the 1986 final

World Cup '86. The year Argentina got through with Maradona's 'hand of God.'

The Observer

Look back on the year when Argentina led 'El Tio' on their side with a free spirited and brilliant World Cup. Nicky Adams and Observer match reports from the time. Exclusively this Sunday.

Leeds go Dutch on Wijnhard

Ian Ross

LEEDS UNITED expect to field a double-Dutch strike force next season after seemingly ending their search for a suitable replacement for Rod Wallace. The Surinam-born Dutch national Clyde Wijnhard arrived in West Yorkshire yesterday afternoon, will open talks about personal terms this morning and is expected to complete a \$1.6 million move from the Dutch First Division club Willem Tilburg.

The Leeds manager George Graham believes that the 24-year-old Wijnhard will make an ideal partner for Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, who scored more than 20 goals for them this season. Wallace will leave Elland Road on a Bosman-inspired free transfer after repeatedly declining a new contract.

Bolton Wanderers are believed to be ready to offer Chelsea's veteran Welsh international striker Mark Hughes his career in the North-west. Hughes has indicated he will leave Stamford Bridge before the start of next season and could be tempted to join Bolton if offered the post of player-coach.

Brian Little, the new manager of Stoke, began a clear-out yesterday when the former coaches Chic Bates and Alan Durban, who both had spells in charge this season when the club were relegated, were told they were surplus to requirements. Little said: "Difficult decisions are going to have to be made here for the sake of the club. I expect new faces to be joining in the near future." Alan Evans, Little's No. 2 at Aston Villa and Leicester, is expected to link up with him for a third time.

Manchester United have dropped their interest in the Argentinian international striker Gabriel Batistuta but confirmed yesterday that they are in negotiations with Lens for the Cameroon player Marc Vivian Foe for around £3 million.

The goalkeeper Kevin Pilkington has joined Brian McClair as the second first-team squad regular on the list of players to be released by United this summer but the winger Ben Thornley has been offered a new contract.

The Danish striker Per Pedersen has returned to Blackburn after spending seven months on loan at Borussia Moenchengladbach. He joined Rovers for £2 million from Odense in February 1987. Leicester City's acting chairman Philip Smith responded quickly yesterday to Martin O'Neill's concern for his position as manager after

Tom Smeaton quit as chairman earlier in the week. "I have spoken to Martin and he is happy with the new structure," said Smith, who guaranteed that O'Neill would be in full control of the playing side of the club, with no interference from "upstairs".

Earlier O'Neill had objected to a statement saying he had been consulted and was happy with a change of club structure. "I read on Teletext the proposed changes and had to ring the chairman to get it confirmed," said O'Neill, who discovered that his title was now football committee member not team manager. "I thought this was a football club but I'm now a member of a committee."

Patrick Thistle, relegated from the Scottish Second Division, have parted company with their manager John McVeigh and his assistant Peter Hetherston.

society

Every Wednesday in the

The Guardian

One-day career of kick in ho

One brutal

Tudor turns on the Surrey plump up

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Cricket

Tour match

Worcestershire v South Africans

One-day career of Hick in hock

Mike Selvey at New Road

BLUE SKIES, warm spring sunshine, flat pitch and just enough breeze to ruffle the flag of St George flying at the top of the cathedral. The technocrats may have moved in with their replay screen, but the ground retains its timelessness. It was one evening as it might have been when Bradman was racking up his early-four double tons. Graeme Hick would have recognised the portents, too. The crack from his bat has reverberated often enough in these parts for him to know when the stage has been set and yesterday, with the South Africans in the field, was it.

Hick has punished tourists before. It was 10 years ago all but to the day when the young sensation, needing a big hundred to complete 1,000 runs by the end of May, caned the West Indians for 172.

Five years on from that and he carried the Aussies in general and Shane Warne in particular all around the park, even though it transpired the young twacker was keeping his powder dry for the Tests.

Hick's Test place is long gone and now, after an uninspired winter, his spot in the one-day squad is also in jeopardy. He needs to score, but more especially he needs to score in his ruthlessly efficient manner of old.

It was not to be. His batting on Thursday, when he stood up to Allan Donald's evening burst and clumped him for solidly dismissive bound-

aries, was sufficiently sumptuous to what selectorial appetites. All the selectors wanted was a morning session of the same. He began well enough, cuffing Donald square towards the river and adding 10 runs to his overnight 23 in 30 minutes. Then it went pear-shaped.

Lance Klusener is a lively support bowler with a hit of nip, but none the less the sort of operator on which Hick once gorged. The leg-stump half-volley appeared to carry no intrinsic danger and Hick, shaping to flick it off his legs, saw only four runs. Instead the ball took the toe of the bat and looped to Graham Leathdale at midwicket; out for 33. His walk to the pavilion carried an air of sadness.

Both Hick, acting Worcestershire captain, and Hansie Cronje have been enterprising in trying to set up some competitive cricket. Beginning 256 adrift Worcestershire batted positively until half an hour before tea, reaching 228 for six before Hick declared 59 behind. The best batting came from David Leathdale, who hit a dozen boundaries in his 69, and Steve Rhodes who made 45.

Liebenberg went without scoring but Gary Kirsten made 51 and Jacques Kallis was unbeaten on 44 as the South Africans closed on 107 for two.

Roger Telemachus South Africa's 25-year-old pace bowler, looks certain to be sent home after dislocating his right shoulder during practice yesterday. Steve Elworthy, playing club cricket in Lancashire, is a likely replacement.



Leg-room... David Leathdale, Worcestershire's best man with the bat, is bowled by Lance Klusener

County Championship: Kent v Lancashire

One brutal Hooper dream

Paul Weaver at Canterbury

ON A cloudless, balmy afternoon, with the famous lime tree rustling with pleasure in the summer breeze, and the local traders' cars parked in the park, Lancashire's Ian Austin trotted in to bowl and was painfully shocked to find himself in the eye of a storm.

He was hit for 50 runs in four overs. Carl Hooper, who scored 47 of those runs, has never played better than he did here yesterday.

Although his Test career has only recently been ushered into lights, Hooper has been an outstanding county cricketer since joining Kent in 1992.

His last century for the club

had been scored 22 months ago, against Derbyshire in July, 1996. He had also started the current season with a disappointing sequence of 144.

Yesterday he made up for that. Kent, who started their second innings 239 behind after Lancashire had been dismissed for 445, ended the third day with notions of winning the contest, at 343 for three, 84 runs ahead; Hooper is 147 not out. It was his 41st century and his 17th for Kent.

Hooper has faced 133 balls in 18 fours and six sixes, 106 in boundaries. His hundred came from 99 deliveries and he reached it by hooking Austin for a brutal six over square-leg.

That is the way to cope with the so-called nervous nineties and poor David Fulton, who dawdled at this stage as he ap-

proached his fifth first-class century, but only his second against county opposition, might heed the lesson. Fulton perished for 96.

Apart from the quicker bowlers, Austin, Peter Martin and a less than fit Westin Akram, Lancashire were also up against two spinners with the ball turning square. Both Michael Watkinson and Gary Keedy bowled a disappointing length in such helpful conditions, but there is nothing helpful about Hooper. His first three scoring shots were 4, 6, 4, all against Watkinson.

He drove Martin russavely over long-off, into the Leslie Ames Stand, and struck Austin over mid-on into the Colin Cowdrey Stand. Perhaps he was intent on doing some demolition work to make room for the Carl Hooper Stand.

Northamptonshire v Yorkshire

Yorkshire very good losers

David Hopps at Northampton

NOBODY seriously expected Yorkshire to retain their too long yesterday. With only three all-round wickets left, even scoring the 37 required to make Northamptonshire bat sounded a hit of a hand. Far better to put the mess behind them and head north to tend their wounds.

Now perhaps we know a little better. Northants' eighth-wicket victory was not completed until 10 minutes before tea, and they needed an unforeseen 105 to achieve it. Yorkshire might have lost their lead in the championship, but at their time of need, they showed a one-handed catch to deny Yorkshire's satisfaction; Kevin

Curran plucked out Gough at mid-on, Roh Ballew matched his effort at slip to account for Silverwood. Blakey's three-hour 49 ended when Malcolm uprooted his off-stump.

When Northants slipped to 28 for two there was a glimmer of hope. Yorkshire's imposing front leg propelled forward and the left-arm spinner Richard Stemp was caressed for two straight sixes in three balls. The rest was easy.

Yorkshire will reflect on the decision to bat on a hazy first morning. They expected a testing session; Malcolm reducing them to 54 for seven was overdoing things. They would be better advised to ask the toughest questions of their bowlers. The batsmen, Michael Vaughan and Anthony McGrath in particular, have work to do.

Hampshire v Surrey

Tudor turns on the style as Surrey plump up a cushion

Robert Kitson at Southampton

SURREY sit on top of the championship table this weekend with time and energy to burn, awaiting stiffer challenges than Hampshire could provide. A second consecutive innings-victory was wrapped up in the first over after tea yesterday, leaving Hampshire anchored to the bottom and pondering a distinctly murky future.

Whether Adam Hoolioke's men are still buoyant in September will depend, as always, on what happens when their stars are elsewhere. The England one-day captain claimed it was "too early to start shouting from the rooftops" but will have noted his

front-line bowlers are contributing as much as the batsmen. Alex Tudor and Martin Bicknell shared six wickets as Hampshire pulled to defeat by an innings and 184 runs, the 20-year-old Tudor returning match figures of seven for 85.

Resuming on nine for two with the virus-stricken John Stephenson at home awaiting the outcome of blood tests, Hampshire did at least eclipse their first-innings 189 and force the elder Hoolioke to shift his brain into gear.

Saglam Muehling and Ian Salisbury were unable to make the same impact as to previous day and Tudor and Bicknell had to get a sweat up once it became clear the placid surface was not assisting the spinners. Kevin James delayed them 49 minutes over one run and Robin Smith struck nine fours in his 42 before again falling to Salisbury.

It was a delivery from the leg-spinner's old repertoire, short and inviting, which did the trick as Smith reached back a fraction late and topped an attempted cut to backward point. Effectively 118 for six at lunch, still 284 adrift, a stand of 62 between Adrian Aymes and Shaun Tidal staved off the inevitable until a livid Iddell fell victim to a mid-pitch mix-up.

Nixon McLean lashed a Saglam delivery out of the ground but, with tea taken, the Pakistan scouted the West Indians' stumps with the fifth ball after the resumption.

Last season it took Surrey until the final week of June to claim their first championship win. There have been many false starts since their last title in 1971, but they now have a modest cushion to protect them from Test calls. Significantly, juniors such as Tudor and Jon Barry are making important contributions. From such tiny seeds do commanding Hooliokes grow.

Scoreboard

Britannic Assurance County Championship	
(Third day of four; today 11.0)	
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE v YORKSHIRE	
Northamptonshire (200) beat Yorkshire (8) by eight wickets.	
Yorkshire First Innings 145 (50 overs)	
1 M J Ball b Lewis 22	
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100 M J Ball b Lewis 22	

SPORTS NEWS 21

Texaco One-day Trophy

Lewis the late man looks for early-summer England recall

Mike Selvey on the squad to face South Africa next week

CHRIS LEWIS, a man not unfamiliar with changes of direction, is hoping that the England selectors, who meet in Southampton today, will sanction one more comeback for him when they name the squad for next week's Texaco Trophy series. It is almost two years since Lewis's mercurial talents were put on the England back-burner following his lack of punctuality during the final Test of the Pakistan series. Lewis claimed that a punctured tyre had delayed him but Raymond Illingworth, then chairman of selectors, begged to differ and omitted him from the one-day squad. He has not added to his 30 Tests and 51 one-day internationals since.

This season's move from Surrey back to Leicestershire takes his career full circle and, so it is said, has brought a new maturity, sense of responsibility and "edge" to his game. He is fit (so far, anyway), bowling straight and with pace and hitting enthusiastically.

A chance to reestablish himself in the England side comes in the wake of the four successive defeats in the five-match series at the end of the winter's Caribbean tour, when it was felt that the bowling lacked strike pace at the start of the innings and genuine bite in mid-innings when partnerships had to be broken.

"I try not to think about it too much but I'm keeping my fingers crossed," said Lewis. "It's always nice to be picked by your country. I worked hard on my fitness in Perth during the winter and I'm enjoying the added responsibility of captaincy."

Around 14 names will be announced tomorrow morning in a squad which is cer-

tain to include Darren Gough, fit again after a winter recovering from a serious leg injury, and could also see returns for Surrey's in-form batter Alistair Brown and Warwickshire's left-arm spinner Ashley Giles.

There should be a call-up for Chris Adams, the new Sussex captain, whose ability to put bat more firmly to ball than almost anybody else in the county game, plus red-hot fielding, took him to the fringe of selection in his last couple of years at Derbyshire. Omissions could include Mike Atherton — happily back in Test-match mode — plus Angus Fraser, who has had enough of being bluffed back over his head and might need nursing back to the test of the summer. Ben Hollis, then chairman of selectors, begged to differ and omitted him from the one-day squad. He has not added to his 30 Tests and 51 one-day internationals since.

England need an orthodox batsman in mid-innings, not just as insurance against collapse but to counter Allan Donald, who has tended to bowl them. But Hick's blistering start against the South Africans on Thursday evening, watched by Graham Gooch and the England coach David Lloyd, failed to translate into a big score yesterday.

Any omission of Ben Hollis might be viewed as retrograde after his sensational debut against Australia at Lord's last year, and with his all-round reputation enhanced during the winter's A tour to Sri Lanka. But he did not play in Sharjah, when England won all their games, while he appeared in the losing matches in the Caribbean.

Ben Hollis should be an important member of the Test side and the feeling is that he might be better employed playing for Surrey than kicking his heels. The same applies to Darren Maddy, a front runner to open with Atherton in the Test series.

Kirtley at his best

JAMES KIRTLEY, watched by England's chairman of selectors David Graveney, yesterday produced the best bowling figures of the season and then had to get on his pads as Sussex stumbled to their second championship victory of the season, beating Nottinghamshire by four wickets at Trent Bridge.

The 23-year-old paceman claimed a career-best seven for 29 and a match return of 10 for 88 to leave his side needing only 74 to win. But Sussex collapsed from 52 without loss to 69 for six before Keith Newell and Paul Jarvis saw them home.

Nottinghamshire, resuming on 11 for three, lost four wickets inside the first 38 minutes. Kirtley, who claimed three of them, had figures of six for three at one stage but Jason Giffan

and Paul Strang put on 83 for the eighth wicket to make Sussex bat again.

There could be an early finish today at Lord's, where Middlesex need take only four wickets to defeat Somerset, Essex, on 156 for six, still needing 143 to beat Durham at Riverside.

Essex's hopes, lifted earlier by a Danny Law hat-trick, may have died with the dismissal of Nasser Hossain for 63, but at Lord's the two batsmen dizzied in the machine. Just Langer made 233 not out and David Nash hit 114 as Middlesex amassed 450 for four declared in their second innings, leaving the visitors needing 352 to win.

Angus Fraser's four for 16 put paid to that idea after Langer had undermined Somerset by smashing 33 fours and a six.

Gloucestershire v Leicestershire

Marauding Mullally paves way for Maddy the laddie

David Foot at Bristol

IT WAS rather like one of those National Trust visits when you have already seen everything that matters but still hang on with nominal interest for a contemplative picnic on the grass.

Leicestershire won in early afternoon by nine wickets, which was a slightly less generous margin than once seemed likely. One came away debating, if not quite Old Masters and architectural quirks, then at least pondering tomorrow's Texaco Trophy candidates.

Chris Lewis looks at peace with himself. He took two second-innings wickets, eight in the match. He kept pinning the ball down deceptively to more than medium pace, scornful of wastage. As stand-in captain he is cajoling and encouraging, laughing in the field. And Darren Maddy — who knows? His A tour form was undeniably promising, yesterday he was undefeated on 24, in no trouble. Leicestershire are fortunate to have him, Vince Wells, Ben Smith and the increasingly monitored Iain Stutcliffe at the top of the order. Yet the engaging

Maddy, for all his burgeoning talents, may have to be content with a place in the squad, waiting just a little longer for real recognition.

Gloucestershire proved less submissive than previously. Their last four wickets took the score to 259, leaving Leicestershire to score a token 43. The pitch had eased and Jon Lewis, a willing nightwatchman, hardly deserved the inopportune ball he received from the always menacing Alan Mullally (four for 54).

Jack Russell was caught at the wicket as he prodded outside the off stump. Mike Smith essayed a few lusty strokes before being out to a sprawling long-leg catch; and Courtney Walsh took no obvious liberties, whatever his nature. Martyn Bell, however, with much relish and no little skill, collected seven boundaries in his attractive 44 — his side's best — until Chris Lewis came back to bowl him.

Afterwards Wells told his off stump to Walsh and that was it. The spectators who stayed gathered up their sandwich boxes. And everyone seemed to agree Leicestershire were on course for a notable summer.

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22 SPORTS NEWS

Rugby Union

It is a huge weekend for Tyneside sport, and much of the country would happily see the Geordie army slink home tomorrow night with heavy hearts. **Robert Armstrong** finds the Newcastle and England lock aware of that mood and keen to disappoint

Archer up for northern explosion

THE gentle suburbs around Twickenham are likely to be invaded by several divisions of the Geordie army descending on the capital this weekend for tomorrow's Premiership decider at The Stoop, where one point from their match with Harlequins will be sufficient to hand Newcastle the title.

It is expected that the 10,000 sell-out crowd will include a fair number of soccer fans, hoarse from their promptings this afternoon in a bid to see Sir John Hall's "other" team make a little bit of Tyneside sporting history.

Among the supporters will be relations of Garath Archer, the England lock and local boy made good who aims to have his Premiership medal safely under lock and key before he embarks on England's summer tour to the southern hemisphere.

Like to finish the season on a high note for their own sake. Still, we won't have any qualms about playing at The Stoop — we expect a big turnout of our own supporters, some of whom managed to get tickets for the FA Cup final.

It remains to be seen whether the loss of their captain Dean Ryan, due to the concussion he suffered in last Monday's win against Bath, will undermine the awesome forward machine that has kept Newcastle rolling since last August. Certainly Archer, off 6in and 18st 7lb, and his international teammates Duddle Weir, Pat Lam and Nick Poppewell possess enough firepower to guarantee a prompt return on Sir John's £2.7 million investment in the club.

"It'll be tough without Dean, whose influence as our leader has been crucial but

"Saracens are a great side, something they've proved by winning the cup in superb style, and they've shown character in the league, too, making a strong comeback and turning the game round on quite a few occasions recently. It has been neck and neck with them all the way: both times we've played them the result was always in doubt. I believe our game at Kingston Park was one of the best I've played in."

Professionalism has enabled Archer to make impressive strides since he was first capped by Jack Rowell more than two years ago, yet the former Royal Signals telegraphist knows he faces an unprecedented examination of mind and body in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Given the England coach Clive Woodward's recent regime, the England lock's 10 caps practically make him a veteran in international terms, something he keenly appreciates.

"When the England squad was announced on Tuesday, I felt a bit apprehensive — on the surface it didn't seem to have everything you need to take on the best teams in the world," Archer said. "You have to remember this is the most ambitious rugby tour undertaken anywhere in the world and most people probably expect us to get whipped in all four Tests."

"Still, it's a massive opportunity for the players who come into the squad to show what they can do under extreme pressure. For instance, look just how quickly Matt Perry has become an England star since he played his first international against Australia in November. If we can return home with three or four young players like him who've made a firm case for an England place, the tour will have done some good."

"It'll be important for the more experienced players to give all the help they can to the newcomers — when I first came into the England squad, I learned a lot from the good example set by Jason Leonard who unfortunately won't be on this tour. Nevertheless, a number of form players with quite a few caps, such as Ben Clarke and Steve Olson, will be looking to win a place in the team and go on from there next season."

"We learned valuable lessons from our matches against the southern-hemisphere nations last autumn — the most important thing is not to try to replicate someone else's style, you must find your own solutions and do things your way. Danny Grewcock, for instance, is completely his own man — he is a class act, a fantastic player who has been pushing me hard for my England place all season. It'll be a privilege to work with people like him on this tour."



Within arm's reach... Garath Archer is confident of sealing the title TOM JENKINS



Bad blow... Ryan will be missing with concussion

'It'll be tough without Dean Ryan, whose influence as our leader has been crucial'

his replacement No. 8 Peter Walton is a very fine player who has done a good job for us each time he has come on," Archer said. "We have a number of very talented individuals such as Jonnie Wilkinson and Stuart Legg, but we all play for each other."

"I honestly believe we deserve the title — we've come through so many big games, especially at Leicester where not many visiting sides win a league game. Last season Leicester put us out of the cup at our place which placed a question mark over our ability to survive at this level. Our win [16-6] at Welford Road was an absolute monster, something we'll never forget. It showed just how far we'd come."

Swansea ready to celebrate as they near finishing line

Paul Rees on the effectiveness of Mike Ruddock's replacement

SWANSEA will be crowned the Welsh league champions for a record third time tonight. Although the All Whites mathematically need a point from their final match at last season's title winners Pontypridd this evening, Cardiff would need to beat Llanelli by more than 100 points to have any hope of overhauling them.

Swansea were not among the pre-season favourites. Cardiff and Ponty were considered to have stronger squads and Swansea had lost their coaching director Mike Ruddock to Leinster after the six-year reign in which the club won the league twice and the Wales Cup once.

Ruddock's replacement was the New Zealander John Plumtree, who had just finished his playing career. He was Natal in South Africa. He was untried as a coach, but Swansea have headed the Welsh Premier Division from the opening day of the season when they won resoundingly at Ebbw Vale.

"I would like to think I made an instant impact, but it took a little longer," said Plumtree. "I had to get to know the players and they had to come to terms with my coaching methods."

"By the time everything came together, we were out of the Heineken Cup but since then we have played some terrific rugby and we deserve to win the league."

"Mike had been very successful, but I had the advantage of not knowing any of the players. It meant I had no preconceptions. Everyone had to prove themselves, internationals or not."

Plumtree showed his ruthlessness last October when he substituted the Wales outside-half Arwel Thomas during the match at Llanelli. Swansea's only league defeat so far. Thomas, brilliant in the first half, had started to make basic mistakes and he was pulled off.

spirit. It was essential they played for each other. "Arwel is a free spirit, an unpredictable genius. I do not want to see an end of that side to him, but there are times when he needs to think more of the team. Instead of flinging out passes to his centres, he sometimes needs to take the ball up, even if it means getting hit."

"Once he achieves that dimension to his game — and I have prepared videos for him of some of the leading outside-halves in the world — I do not think there will be any stopping him."

"He is only 23 and his best years are to come."

Thomas scored 29 points last week when Swansea defeated Cardiff a result which effectively clinched the title. "I am not one to take anything for granted and we will be going out to defeat Pontypridd in style, but it looks as if we are there," said Plumtree.

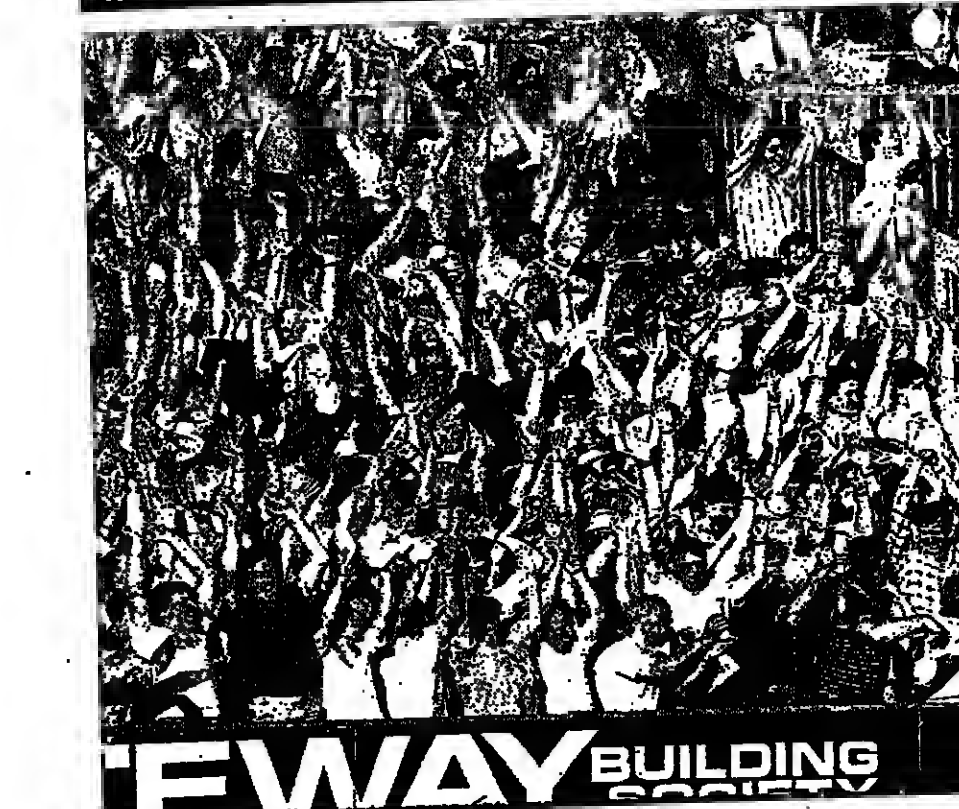
"Cardiff were a big disappointment. They had no answer to our loose forwards or Arwel and if they are the runners-up, then we are worthy champions. We play with a lot more style and expression than Cardiff."

Plumtree will spend a month in Natal this summer, taking in some of Wales's five-match tour of South Africa, before returning to Swansea. "We should have a few players in the Welsh squad and it will be a very difficult tour to take a couple of holidays, but the players have to learn from the experience. Wales have been down for too long and they are hosting the World Cup next year. The only way to improve is by playing the best."



Thomas... a free spirit

Whatever happened to the Middlesex Sevens?



Sevens style... Twickenham's Mexican wave, sometimes done with pints in hand

A fight against reduced circumstances

Robert Kitson on the amateur festival that is having to move with professional times

EVERYONE knows the score when it comes to the Middlesex Sevens: irrelevant, stubbornly rooted in the calendar, basically a glorified piss-up. Wrong, wrong and, inside Twickenham today at least, seriously wrong again, insist the organisers. This year, with a ban on the sale of alcohol from stadium bars, the expected 45,000-plus spectators may even have to watch the rugby.

Drink has been outlawed before when the streakers and Mexican waves began to outnumber the try-count but it was permitted last year until a mass pitch invasion prompted band-fluttering from the safety experts. "It could have been worse," says the committee chairman Derek Mann, faithfully preparing for his 49th Middlesex Sevens. "They were considering restricting re-entry to the car-parks, so when you go in you stay in. It would have

killed it off totally." So, while the hampers are picked clean, Chichester Institute of Higher Education and London Nigerrians can still enjoy a co-starring alongside Saracens and the Barbarians. But, with the 15-a-side game jealous of any sideshow involving its precious assets, it took the introduction of a £50,000 first prize last season to perk up interest. The Bas-Bas chose four Fijians and won at a canter.

They may not find it so simple this time, says Mann. "Micky Steele-Bodger rang up the other day and told me two of the four Fijians he'd picked this time were being sought by the national side. But by the national side, I'll have a full-strength team even if we have to paint a couple."

Good old Micky. This year's guest sides are Kenya and Emerging London Broncos — presumably the front legs — who will be aiming to emulate Wigan's historic triumph in 1986. All well and good, and no one should forget the £400,000 raised for charity, but the good intentions of a London referee, Dr Russell-Cargill, back in 1996 to create a fund-raising sevens tournament with some clout have been variously eroded by international tours, professionalism and the other game at Wembley.

Even in its halcyon days interest was diluted by one side dominating for years: London Scottish in the early Sixties, London Welsh and Richmond in the next decade and the Harlequins VIIIs containing Andrew Harriman and Co who notched a record five straight titles from 1986.

Harriman could yet be the catalyst for an upturn this year without pulling his boots on. England will, after all, be sending a squad to the Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur in September, ensuring that Harriman, captain of England's World Cup-winning sevens squad in 1993 and the man in charge now, will be present today "looking to pick

out one or two little nuggets". Among those who appeal to him are the new England squad members Dominic Chapman, Ben Sturman and Josh Lewsey. Sadly tomorrow's league programme has reduced the number of possible candidates and made last year's losing finalists Saracens, who have finished their league programme, a good bet to win the tournament.

The day's other big talking point will be a date switch from May to August in the year 2000. "We're almost certainly going to move it," says Mann. "There's getting to be too much pressure on the end of the season for everybody."

Harriman is in favour. "It would obviously help the clubs" — though Andy Ripley, another Middlesex Sevens legend, is appalled at the idea. "It would be like moving Christmas to March," says Rosslyn Park's former international. "They should have the confidence to keep it where it is."

The pair agree on the event's uniqueness, however. "The exhaustion factor is

probably 10 to 15 times higher even than a cup final," explains Harriman. "You're playing the game at break-neck speed with great physical and mental demands against a backdrop of people getting drunk and singing all day in 80-degree heat. It's an insidious type of pressure, one you don't usually get when you're playing Orrell away."

All Mann asks is that spectators study their neighbour before they opt to remove their clothes and hang the goalposts. "The worst was the time someone thought it would be a good idea to start a Mexican wave when everyone was holding beer. There was a Government minister present, it was mentioned to the Home Office, they got busy and as a result we had a ban on beer for two years."

"We have to be very careful we don't attract the wrong people, who hear it's an enormous piss-up and come along for that reason only. If they come along and become switched on to rugby, that's fine."

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Racing

Chris Hawkins thinks the Irish trainer holds the aces in the Derby pack

O'Brien's Classic poker game

TOO MANY top horses in too few hands means the Classic Trials conducted during the last few weeks have done little to clarify the picture for the Epsom Derby and Oaks or, indeed, for the French and Irish equivalents.

With Saeed bin Suroor and Aidan O'Brien appearing to hold the trump cards, it will not be until the respective camps have had their powwows that firm running plans will emerge.

May be this was the reason that Greek Dance, owned by Lord Weinstock and trained by Michael Stoute, was promoted to 4-1 Derby favourite by Ladbrokes after his victory in York's Michael Seely Glasgow Stakes on Thursday; at least we know he is pretty sure to turn up at Epsom on June 6.

Although Greek Dance has never run in a Group race, the Glasgow Stakes can be a pointer to the Derby winner, as Commander in Chief, who only scraped home from Newmarket on York, in 1993.

The form reasoning behind the dramatic move for Greek Dance is that he slammed Dr Fong's galloping companion Capri by six lengths, quickening impressively and staying on strongly.

On the previous day Dr Fong had finished a close-up fourth behind Saratoga Springs in the Dante Stakes, which suggests that if Greek Dance had contested this race, he might well have won it, although the time of his Glasgow victory was marginally slower.

Greek Dance is a beautifully bred colt by Sadler's Wells out of the Yorkshire Oaks winner Hellenic by the French Derby winner Darshaan. This is nearly a cast-iron Derby pedigree apart from the fact that Sadler's Wells, brilliant sire that he is, has never had a winner of the Epsom Classic. On the law of averages, he is certainly overdue.

The Dame has been the best of the Derby trials in recent years with Benny The Dip, Erhaab, Reference Point and Shahrazadani going on to



Out of favour... Gulland faded from the picture after his victory at Chester

Epom glory.

It was hard to fault the effort of Saratoga Springs on Wednesday and it seems almost certain this tough El Gran Senor colt will go for the Derby, although O'Brien is adopting a wait-and-see policy while he gauges the fitness and suitability of his other entries, Second Empire and King Of Kings.

Runners-up in the Dante was City Honours, who went into the race "a little bit undercooked," according to Simon Crisford of Godolphin.

"We'd been setting this horse targets at home and he only just seemed to be getting there, so we were surprised he ran so well," explained Crisford.

Crisford continued: "He showed very strong battling qualities — he was humped and had a whip in his face. He'll definitely improve both for the run and over the extra distance. He wouldn't want it too firm but he's more likely

to run at Epsom rather than in the French Derby."

If City Honours does go to Epsom, then Godolphin could be double-barrelled, depending on the decision which has to be made before the supplementary stage on May 30 regarding the participation of the filly Cape Verdi.

Plenty has been written about her, including suggestions that despite a stammer, she might not stay a mile and a half as she has so much speed.

Crisford does not go along with this. He is sure she will stay but qualifies his opinion by saying that it seems unlikely she will be as brilliant over a mile and a half as she is over a mile.

Until Gulland, trained by Geoff Wragg, ran in last week's Chester Vase he was a leading fancy but the fact he lasted home by only a short head from The Clive-Worm caused him to be pushed right out in the betting, although

there has been some support for him since.

Excuses were made for Gulland — his pacemaker did not go fast enough, the ground was a bit too fast — but he did not seem to have the speed, stamina or courage one normally looks for in the Derby winner.

The Sandown Trial has produced Epsom winners, although not recently, and it is unlikely to do so this year as the winner Courteson seems bound for the French Derby at Chantilly on May 31.

One has to go back to 1978 for the last French-trained winner of the Epsom Derby — Euphrya ridden by Lester Piggott — but Croon Rouge, winner of last Sunday's Prix Lupin, looks a live outsider.

This Rainbow Quest colt beat the Godolphin runner Minder (short-headed by Saratoga Springs) in the Racing Post Trophy nearly three lengths producing a good turn of foot.

Results

NEWBURY
2.10 (11-10) 1. Golden Sledge, T. O'Brien (11-10) 2. Kullerby (11-10) 3. B. B. (11-10) 4. L. D. (11-10) 5. L. D. (11-10) 6. L. D. (11-10) 7. L. D. (11-10) 8. L. D. (11-10) 9. L. D. (11-10) 10. L. D. (11-10) 11. L. D. (11-10) 12. L. D. (11-10) 13. L. D. (11-10) 14. L. D. (11-10) 15. L. D. (11-10) 16. L. D. (11-10) 17. L. D. (11-10) 18. L. D. (11-10) 19. L. D. (11-10) 20. L. D. (11-10) 21. L. D. (11-10) 22. L. D. (11-10) 23. L. D. (11-10) 24. L. D. (11-10) 25. L. D. (11-10) 26. L. D. (11-10) 27. L. D. (11-10) 28. L. D. (11-10) 29. L. D. (11-10) 30. L. D. (11-10) 31. L. D. (11-10) 32. L. D. (11-10) 33. L. D. (11-10) 34. L. D. (11-10) 35. L. D. (11-10) 36. L. D. (11-10) 37. L. D. (11-10) 38. L. D. (11-10) 39. L. D. (11-10) 40. L. D. (11-10) 41. L. D. (11-10) 42. L. D. (11-10) 43. L. D. (11-10) 44. L. D. (11-10) 45. L. D. (11-10) 46. L. D. (11-10) 47. L. D. (11-10) 48. L. D. (11-10) 49. L. D. (11-10) 50. L. D. (11-10) 51. L. D. (11-10) 52. L. D. (11-10) 53. L. D. (11-10) 54. L. D. 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